

THE CANADIAN MAGAZINE.

VOL. III.

SEPTEMBER, 1894.

No. 5.

THE EARLY PARLIAMENTARY FRANCHISE OF ENGLAND.

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PRIOR to the enactment of statutory law defining the Electoral Franchise in England, there had been established, by long usage and general custom, a right of voting at Parliamentary elections which had become part of the common law of the realm. The common law of England, the *lex non scripta*, is nothing but custom established by long usage and the general consent of the English people. When any public practice or usage was found to be convenient or beneficial it was naturally repeated, became a general custom, was continued from age to age, and thus grew into, and obtained the force of a law, either local or national. If the custom or usage was national, or universal, it became engrafted into, and was recognized as part of, the common or customary law of England; if particular, or applicable to this or that place, it became a local custom.

Austin defines customary law to be a rule which a custom implies (or in the observance of which a custom consists), and which derives the whole of its obligatory force from those concurring sentiments which are styled Public Opinion. It properly obtains, as a rule, through the *consensus in-tentium*; its only source, or its only authors, are those who observe it spontaneously, or without compulsion by the state.¹

The common law has been well defined by Lord Hale, as "that which declares and asserts the rights and liberties, and the properties of the subject, the first known and common rule of justice and right between man and man, and the great foundation of the peace, happiness, honor and justice of this kingdom"² These principles of common right were illustrated in the early electoral franchise established in England.

There is clear evidence in the Public Records of England, that a well-recognized political right of voting had been exercised by all classes of people (*omnes inhabitantes*), in Parliamentary elections, without any condition as to the possession of a property qualification. This right, though originating in custom, was recognized and confirmed by successive sovereigns and Parliaments until 1429.

Thus, in Edward III.'s reign, an authoritative declaration of the right of election was made by the King, in answer to a petition of the Commons, respecting the election of Knights of the Shire: "The King wills that they shall be elected by the common consent of the whole county." And this right was also affirmed by the King's writs of election, some of which usually commanded the Sheriff to cause a member of the House of Commons to

1. Austin's Lectures on Jurisprudence, vol. 2, p. 553.

2. History of the Common Law of England, p. 47.

be "freely and indifferently elected by them who shall attend upon the proclamation." Other writs directed that the member should be elected in full county court, and that "all that be there present, as well suitors duly summoned as others," should proceed to the election freely and indifferently. There is also on record, in the "Good Parliament" of 1376, a large number of petitions to the King, praying that the Knights of the Shire may be chosen by common election "from the better folk of the shire." But the King answered in the recognized formula, that the Knights shall be elected "by the common consent of the whole county." And when previously in 1372 a proposition was made to prevent the election of lawyers, the King gave a similar answer. Afterwards the Act 7 Henry IV., chap. 15 (1405), enacted that proclamation should be made in the full county court of the day of election, and that all who should be there present, should proceed to the election freely and indifferently. These authoritative records are but expositions of the rules and practice which established the early common law respecting the electoral franchise.

The ancient county court was a general assembly of the people, as well as an open court which had certain judicial powers, and was usually attended by large and promiscuous gatherings of the people of all classes—including persons of the lowest class, but of free condition of life.

And in the Saxon times, while legislation was the prerogative of the Sovereign and his witan, yet the mode of accepting the statutes and of carrying them into effect depended upon the consent and undertaking of the people given in a general assembly, (*toti populi generalitate*). And the popular character of these assemblies was in a great measure due to the common practice of holding them in the open air, in an open and unenclosed place, where any exclusion of persons who might, under modern political rules,

be disfranchised, would have been impracticable.

Nor in later times, when Parliamentary or representative government became regularly established, and the county court, or popular assembly of the inhabitants, was held in a building appropriated for that purpose, were there any customary or statutory rules under which persons having no property qualification could be excluded from voting. The only qualification recognized and enforced, first by the King's writs of election, and later in the statutes of 1405 and 1413, was that "the choosers of Knights of the Shire be also *resident* within the same shires."

In those days, there was no legal jurisdiction or proceeding for taking a scrutiny of votes at a Parliamentary election, and the usual and only practicable way of determining the result, was by a show of hands, or some other rough and ready process of ascertaining the "number of voices" for a particular candidate.³

The historic commentaries on those early days seem to establish that the law of custom, or, more properly, the common law, recognized the principle of Manhood Franchise, and, as a necessary sequence, the political doctrine of "one man one vote."

In an historic work published in 1662, the early right of voting was thus described: "Every inhabitant and commoner in every county had a voice in the election of Knights, whether he were a freeholder or not, or had a freehold of only one penny, six pence, or twelve pence by the year."⁴ And a writer on election law says: "The common law placed all elections in the hands of the people." Further on he adds: "The moment the elective system was adopted in

³ "Elections were originally made by voices, or by holding up hands, or such other way wherein it was easy to tell who had the majority, and yet very difficult to know the certain numbers of them; and myself, in London, was elected by holding up of hands, but I could not tell how many there were that held up their hands for me."—Per Brooke, C.J., in *Plowden's Commentaries*, p. 129.

⁴ Prynne's *Brevia Parliamentaria*, p. 157.

counties, the common law immediately conferred the right of electing the representatives upon the community at large, to be exercised by all free and lawful men."⁵ And in the published volumes of the late Keeper of the Public Records of England, containing copies of the earliest Parliamentary Writs, and of the returns usually made by Sheriffs prior to the change in the franchise, the Sheriff certified that the election had been made "by the assent and will of the men of the whole county."⁶

But during the reign of Henry VI. and about the year 1429, the aristocratic element in Parliament succeeded in restricting this common law right and in imposing a property qualification on the electorate. The county elections had been a subject of intermittent agitation and discussion from the beginning of that century, and resulted in the triumph of the aristocracy. The result was the Act of 1429, which established the rule that an elector's political intelligence, and right to control the policy of the Government, should be gauged by the value of his acres rather than by his common law rights of manhood, or his mental or educational equipment. The lowest limit of his political intelligence was fixed on the basis of his possession of "free land, or tenement, of the yearly value of 40s. by the year at the least above all charges." The title of the Act is, "What sort of men shall be Choosers, and who shall be Knights of Parliament." And as evidence of the aristocratic influence controlling both Houses of Parliament at that time, and as an illustrative corollary to Horace's *Odi profanum vulgus et arceo*, the preamble of the Act may be cited. Read in the light of the democratic tendencies of our days, it recites, with a refreshing plainness of speech, a supercilious, and doubtless a real, aristocratic contempt for the so-called "lower classes," and

indicates the influence controlling the legislative policy of the realm, in phraseology which would be "cakes and ale" to an Anarchist in any similar modern legislative deliverance.

The Act 8. Henry VI., chapter 7, reads: "Whereas the elections of Knights of the Shires to come to the Parliaments of our Lord the King, in many counties of the realm of England have now of late been made by *very great, outrageous, and excessive number of people*, dwelling within the same counties of the realm of England, of the which the most part were *people of small substance and of no value, whereof every one of them pretended a voice equivalent as to such elections with the most worthy Knights and Esquires* dwelling within the same counties, whereby manslaughter, riots, batteries and divisions among the gentlemen and people of the same counties *shall very likely arise and be*, unless convenient and due remedy be provided in that behalf. Our Lord the King, considering the premises, hath provided, ordained and established by authority of this present Parliament, that the Knights of the Shires to be chosen within the same realm of England, to come to the Parliaments of our Lord the King, hereafter to be holden, shall be chosen in every county of the realm of England, by people dwelling and resident in the same counties, whereof every one of them shall have free land or tenement to the value of 40s. by the year at the least above all charges." The Act further provided for a scrutiny of votes, by directing that the Sheriffs should examine the electors upon oath touching the value of their freeholds.

It may be here noted that this statute only regulated the electoral franchise for the shires or counties; and its non-applicability to towns and boroughs left their franchises as regulated by the common law or their local charters.

Writers on Parliamentary Election Law have commented upon this first

5. Hudson on the Elective Franchise, pp. 31, 32.

6. Palgrave's Parliamentary Writs, p. 319.

enactment of positive law restricting the elective franchise of England: "This was the first statute which required a qualification of landed property, or, to speak in a manner more strictly constitutional, which deprived persons in a very low and dependent situation of the exercise of the privilege of voting."⁷

"This statute first required the electors to have a qualification of freehold to a certain value, thereby, as some think, restoring the aristocratic spirit of the Constitution, which had been lately broken in upon; or, as others assert, making an inroad upon the liberties of the people, by depriving the lower classes of a privilege they had always enjoyed before."⁸

"The statute of 1429, during the contentions between Duke Humphrey of Gloucester and Cardinal Beaufort, presents a strong contrast to the legislation of the preceding reigns. The policy of former Parliaments had been to secure the whole body of the county population in the free and independent exercise of their electoral rights. Several reasons are assigned in the preamble for restricting the franchise. The true grievance appears to have been, not the mere number of the lower class of electors, but that their votes were of equal weight and value with those of gentle (*gentil*) condition."⁹

The practical working of this restricted franchise threw the electoral power into the hands of the great lords and land-owners, as appears by the letters written during this reign. One of them states, "It is thought right necessary for diverse causes that my lord have at this time in the Parliament *such persons as belong unto him, and be of his menial servants*." Another says, "my lord took unto a yeoman of mine, a sedell (schedule)

of my lord's intent, whom he would have Knights of the Shire."¹⁰

A few years later (1432), Parliament re-affirmed that the Choosers of the Knight of Parliament should be "people dwelling and resiant in the county whereof every man shall have freehold to the value of 40s. by the year, at least, above all charges, within the same county where any such chooser will meddle of any election." But, in 1704, the above condition as to "residence" was repealed, as having been found unnecessary by long usage, and having "become obsolete."

And there are also some historic records up to the 16th century that women, who since Lord Coke's time have been classed as persons under "legal incapacity," exercised the right of voting at parliamentary elections.¹¹ There is still extant an ancient "Resiant Roll" of the Borough of Lyme Regis, dated 29th September, 1577, which contains, among a number of male voters, the names of the following women, classed as *burgenses sive liberi tenentes*, who were entitled to vote at elections:—

"Elizabetha, *filia* Thomæ Hyatt; Crispina Bowden, *vidua*; Alicia Toller, *vidua*."¹²

But gradually, and especially under the influence of the writings of Sir Edward Coke, the judicial power appears to have legislated into the common law the argument of the Solicitor-General, Sir Robert Strange: "The policy of the law thought women unfit to judge of public things. By the law infants cannot vote, and women are *perpetual infants*."

Another counsel urged that decency and the policy of the law excluded women from popular elections. As illustrating the struggle in the judicial mind between legal precedent and

7. Treatise on the Law of Elections, by Sergeant Simeon, p. 69.

8. Digest of the Law respecting County Elections, by Sergeant Heywood, p. 23.

9. Ancient Parliamentary Elections, by Homersham Cox, p. 113.

10. Original Letters written during the reign of Henry VI., published 1787, p. 103.

11. "Possibly instances may be found in early times, not only of women having voted, but also of their having assisted in the deliberations of the legislature." Per Bovill, C.J., in *Chorlton vs. Lings*, (1868), L.R. 4, C.P. 283.

12. Luder's Election Cases, vol. 2, p. 13.

masculine ideas, the following quotations from a reported case will be interesting:

Lee, C. J. By a manuscript collection of Hakwell's, in the case of *Catharine v. Surry*, the opinion of the judges, as he says, was that a *feme sole*, if she has a freehold, may vote for members of Parliament; and by this it seems as if there was no disability. The right of voting in women, is to be allowed only *secundum subjectam materiam*; and in the case of *Coates v. Lisle*, 14 Jac. 1, women, when *sole* had a power to vote for members of Parliament, and whether they have not anciently voted for members of Parliament, either by themselves or attorney, is a great doubt. I do not know upon enquiry, but it might be found that they have. In the case of *Holt v. Lyle*, 4 Jac. 1, it is determined that a *feme sole* freeholder may claim a voice for Parliament-men, but if married, her husband must vote for her. But I would not be understood to declare it to be my opinion, that women may vote for members of Parliament. I only mention what I have found in a manuscript by the famous Hakwell, but I give no opinion at present.

Page J. I see no disability in a woman from voting for a Parliament-man.

Probyn J. This case cannot determine that women may vote for members of Parliament, as that choice requires an improved understanding which women are not supposed to possess. In elections for members of parliament women are not now admitted, whatever they were formerly. That they are not allowed to vote for members of Parliament is because of the judgment required in it.

Chapele, J. Women are in many respects in law as well distinguished from infants as men, being *sui juris* until they are married.¹³

Thus by a process known as judicial legislation, by which the earlier com-

mon law was converted into another and less logical or scientific law, "after the judicial fashion," the judges of England, without the sanction of a Parliamentary statute, much less a resolution of the House of Commons, declared that "women having freehold or no freehold," had no voice in the elections of members of Parliament.¹⁴ And thus, under the later common law of England, women were declared to "lie under natural incapacities, and unable to exercise a sound discretion;"¹⁵ and the married woman became, as she had been under the Roman law, as helpless as infants and lunatics, the two other classes of persons under legal disabilities in whose company she habitually figured in English jurisprudence until recent legislation restored some of her legal rights.

Modern political legislation has been struggling, but in a timid and reluctant spirit, to modify the restrictive electoral franchise imposed by the aristocratic Parliament of Henry VI., so as to placate the advancing and dominating democratic tendencies of modern times,—while retaining, however, a minimized grasp on a property qualification as the indisputable evidence of an elector's political capacity and intelligence. Our Canadian franchise, under an elaborated series of electoral titles, has created multiple votes in respect of real property, by giving to persons who are connected with the owner or tenant or farmer by a family and servitude relation, as sons, step-sons, sons-in-law, or grandsons, a vicarious right of voting in respect of the father's or mother's property, without, however, any corresponding recognition of multiple votes in respect of similar relationships to owners of personal property or earners of income. Grouped around these are income voters, wage-earners, annuitants charged on real estate, fishermen and Indians—with some local

13. *Olive vs. Ingham*, Modern Reports, vol. 7, p. 263, (1738.)

14. Coke's Fourth Institute of the Laws of England, p. 5.

15. Digest of the law of County Elections, p. 161.

recognitions of a Manhood Franchise. Inventive political minds have formed a collection of electoral mosaics—not picturesque or kaleidoscopic—which are moulded into unsymmetric shapes, according to unscientific and inharmonious rules as to values, owner-

ships, relationships, occupations, residences, Indians and Mongolians.

A return to the early Parliamentary or common law franchise of England, would provide a simpler electoral system, and would add little to the voting power of the present electorate.

FORD VS. DE PONTES, 30 BEAVEN, 572.

BY ELGIN MYERS, Q. C.

I DESIRED to know whether a deed, invalid on certain legal grounds, would operate as a revocation of a prior will affecting the same property as that mentioned in the deed.

I was referred by the text-books to the above case, decided in the English courts, where I found, laid down in language sufficiently brief, that it would not. But what a mine of sorrow and unutterable woe it required to establish a point so apparently insignificant.

Ye who doubt that truth is stranger than fiction, and think that the practice of the law presents interest only for the legal dry-as-dust, listen to a tale of human tragedy, set down in the records of the above case, that equals the most heartrending offspring of the literary imagination.

On an afternoon in June, 18—, the sun was struggling hard to force his rays through the lofty trees that surrounded a stately hall in beautiful Gloucestershire, which constituted the country seat of the Earl of Payne, a title now extinct. Seated on the balcony in one of the numerous nooks formed by the irregularities in the wall, might, on this particular afternoon, have been seen the cause of the almost futile efforts of old Sol to peer through the foliage. I say, "almost futile," for some of his rays, disturbed by the trembling leaves, did succeed in flashing their uncertain light on a

lady of such ravishing beauty that we would not wonder at a more frigid admirer than the King of Day struggling to obtain a glimpse of her. The uncertain light and shades, constantly trembling, and moving on her cheeks and neck, imparted an additional color to their naturally glowing tinge. Notwithstanding that she was the only daughter of and prospective heiress to an earl, Lady Eloise de Franc, was, it was easy to be seen, on this glorious afternoon, far from happy. The quivering nostril, perfect in its Grecian mould, was a sufficient indication of the high strung, nervous temperament of its owner. Some little distance away, on one of the seats that dotted the lawn, sat the stately old Earl and his Countess.

The birds sweetly poured out their songs in the trees; the busy bees hummed in the honeysuckles; the air seemed laden with sweet odors; brilliantly and generously the sun sent forth his rays: a pleasant mysticism seemed to pervade the atmosphere. All nature seemed at peace on this pleasant afternoon, and no unhappiness should surely have been there. The Earl, it is true, was not unhappy; but the other two were as sad as nature was smiling: the Countess, from sympathy with her daughter's sufferings. The mother, too, had had her romance. Her lover was a lieutenant in the British army, who, having enlisted in

the Austrian service, was shattered by a shell in the terrible battle of Austerlitz, and her love was buried, far over land and sea, on the plains of Austerlitz with him. Secluding herself in her own house, she for nearly two years moaned the keenest edge of her sorrow away, when the Earl, although considerably her senior, presented himself as a suitor for her hand, which, on account of her parents, she scarcely dared to refuse; and feeling, besides, that life had no more interest for her, she finally, though reluctantly, yielded her a sacrifice on the matrimonial altar.

Lady Eloise, although she might control her fingers, which were engaged with her needlework, could not control her thoughts, which wandered to that time, two or three seasons previous, when she accompanied the Earl and Countess to Paris, the former having been sent there on some affair of state. It was one of the gayest seasons at the gay French capital, and the Earl, being a prominent member of the British embassy, the Countess and her daughter were obliged to attend the round of balls, led off by one given at the Tuileries, given in succession by all the foreign diplomatists.

It was at this first ball that our heroine met her destiny.

It was not until late in the evening that she met the person who was to play so important a part in the tragedy of her life. He was introduced by the French King himself,—a thing almost unprecedented—with the words “Permit me, my lady, to present to you one of my bravest officers and future generals, I hope,—M. Devassies “De Pontes. I will leave you in his “brave charge—knowing how well “able he is to protect the weak, and “overthrow the strong,” he laughingly added, as he hurried away. She languidly raised her eyes to the man thus introduced, and both seemed thrilled as if by an electric current, and an immediate instinct told her that her fate for good or ill lay there. She

saw before her a towering form with a distinguished military bearing; and looking down upon her was a pair of dark, magnificent, speaking eyes, that fascinated her with the unconscious intensity of their gaze. “I trust that “my lady will not take His Majesty’s “words to mean that she is compul- “sory in my custody,” he said, gaily. “My lady must understand that she “is not exactly my prisoner, as much “as I should like to make her one, “and that she is at liberty to go as “she pleases.”

“Oh!” she added, in a somewhat more hurried tone than usually marked the repose of a scion of the line of Payne, “I don’t wish to leave here at present.”

Whilst saying this she unconsciously drew nearer his side; then, with mounting color, she fell to biting her lips with very vexation, as it struck her that to him the remark would appear unfeminine at least.

On his part the sensations he experienced were of an opposite character, when he found that this radiant creature, upon whom the brilliant and famous names present had not succeeded in making any impression, had unconsciously placed herself in his charge. There was no time, however, for adoration or sentimentalism, at that gathering; and they soon joined in the whirling throng of dancers, she with a strange feeling of lightness and airiness, and he with a subdued happiness, which shone in his face, as at the close of a waltz he led her to a seat.

Although Lady Eloise was in great demand throughout the whole night, yet Lieut. M. De Pontes found himself again and again at her side, with his arm around her beautiful waist in the circling dance. He had the felicity of leading her to her carriage on her departure from the ball, and of receiving a warm invitation to visit them at their hotel from the Countess of Payne, who had much admired the handsome officer whom the King himself had presented to her daughter.

Why repeat the tale of the next few weeks; its parallel has been so often told. We pass over this, and come to the evening prior to the departure of the Earl for England, he having concluded his mission to Paris. It was at the Earl's hotel, where a distinguished party of notables had gathered to bid the Earl *bon voyage*.

M. De Pontes, of course, was there. As the inevitable hour of departure approached, both he and Lady Eloise almost involuntarily arose for a walk on the piazza. They walked silently backward and forward several times, their hearts too full to speak. A presentiment that this would be the last time of meeting oppressed them both.

At last he said: "I suppose we may as well say good bye here." "I suppose so," she faintly murmured; then added, a little more firmly, fearing that he might say too much: "Had we not better go in now? I fear that we shall be missed."

"Oh! Eloise, Eloise," he broke out, "My love, my love will never come back to me." Then, putting one arm around her, and drawing her nearer to him, he went hurriedly on, scarcely realizing what he was saying:—

"Oh! My love, my love; I know you do not despise me because I am poor and apparently obscure. That is only in the present. The King has promised me promotion, and even though he had not, with you to look forward to, I can and must win a place that even you could feel proud of."

"Oh! don't; please don't speak so just now, at all events," she pleaded, "I am not my own to do as I like with myself. Please let me go now. Good bye."

Clasping her to his bosom, and raining kisses on her lips, he finally let her go.

When her thoughts had arrived at this scene on the piazza, on this lovely afternoon, her lips parted in a moan that drew the attention of the Countess.

The Earl had another design for his daughter, which he communicated to her about a month after they left Paris, which was no less than the bestowal of her hand on his neighbor and the son of his old deceased friend, Lord Dolphin, of Ashley Park. Had her lordly parent struck her a blow, she could not have been more terrified and dismayed than she was with this communication.

And now, as she arrived in her ruminations at the scene on the piazza of the Hotel de Ville, her color came and went as she heard the sound of a horse's hoofs coming up the long avenue leading to the door of Payne Hall. As the horseman appeared, her worst fears were realized, for he was none other than Lord Dolphin himself, who had been riding across country and had dropped in to pay his devoirs to his future bride. He had already obtained the Earl's consent to do so, but had not yet opened up the important subject of his matrimonial projects to the lady who would be most interested in them if they succeeded—in fact he scarcely knew the lady by sight. His resolution to sue for her hand was the result of a suggestion, by one of his boon companions, at the close of a game of cards, at which his Lordship "went broke," as a way of repairing his shortened finances.

It was a strange coincidence that about the time that Lord Dolphin was preparing to put in force his benevolent designs, the old Earl conceived the idea of uniting his daughter with his neighbor, as a means of securing to her wealth; for, what was not generally known, Payne Hall was entailed, and would go out of the family if the Earl died without leaving a son; and that portion of the estate of which he had control was encumbered heavily to provide for the demands of a spendthrift ancestor, and to meet the requirements of the Earl's own position. So, after many misgivings as to the result of his suit, Lord

Dolphin was surprised at the cordiality with which the Earl received his proposal for his daughter's hand. For the old Earl, not having mixed much in the gay world of late years, was entirely ignorant of the fact that his lordly neighbor had made ducks and drakes with the patrimony his father had left him.

Thus stood the matter on this afternoon when our story opens, these two dignitaries working at cross-purposes. Lord Dolphin sprang from his horse, opposite the Earl and Countess, and paid them his respects. The latter extended her hand without rising, and, with many misgivings at her heart, as she observed his gross, dissipated appearance; but the Earl warmly grasped his hand; and, after exchanging some few conventional remarks on current topics, intimated by a nod in her direction, where Lady Eloise sat, and informed him that he had no doubt but that she would be delighted to see him.

He approached her with extended hand, and made an attempt at being gallant by awkwardly remarking that he thought the day was lovely until he saw her; but that she quite put it in the shade.

"Indeed," she coldly replied, "I am sorry that the day has become so disparaged in your lordship's estimation: for you will, no doubt, find it much more agreeable than my society."

"Egad," his lordship ejaculated to himself; "this is a filly that needs a tight bit;" and a wicked gleam appeared in his eyes as he seated himself beside her; and confused ideas arose in his mind about breaking in high-spirited horses, and about them afterwards becoming the best Derby winners, etc., etc.

Now, his lordship's conversational powers in the society of ladies never would, with the greatest amount of cultivation, have been of a high order; and this society having for many years been neglected for that

of turf men, card sharps, and other kindred spirits, he felt himself non-plussed as to what he should say to this divinity, who seemed indisposed to help him out of his dilemma. He picked up her book and examined it, thinking he might find something there to give him an idea; but as it had been some years since he had opened one, he was afraid that if he ventured on that line he would get beyond his depth. So, concluding to keep on safe ground, he remarked that he had had a jolly ride across country, getting everybody ready for the next hunt.

Receiving no response, except the faint click of the needle in Lady Eloise's hands, he continued:—"We're going to have a jolly time this year. Some entirely new blood, you know: Tony Blake, Cute Ableson, Ralph Cummings, and some others, perhaps. Not exactly in our set, may be," he continued, "but real good fellows. Lord Rosleigh and Squire Redpath were cut up about it when I told them I was going to have them. Ha! ha! ha!" he laughed, as he thought of the discomfiture of his friends. His lordship then paused, out of sheer inability to say anything further; and in order to relieve the extreme awkwardness, she replied that she was sure that he would enjoy himself.

Encouraged somewhat by this remark, he continued: "Following the hounds is much better and more exciting sport than shooting. Don't you think so?" he queried.

"Really, my lord," was her reply, "my experience in those lines is of so limited a character that I am not able to express an intelligent opinion."

Then another silence ensued, which was anything but comfortable to his lordship; but in which, it must be confessed, his companion felt a malicious delight.

Anxious to put an end to a scene that he felt was fast degenerating into a farce, but determined not to be

balked of his purpose in coming, he remarked, as he watched her beautiful fingers moving to and fro, that that was a beautiful piece of work she was engaged on: "but, allow me," he added, attempting a gallantry foreign to his nature, "to lay it to one side," and, seizing her hands, he made a pretence of using force.

She lifted her eyes in amazement, and a cold tremor passed over her at his touch. His lordship felt her shrinking from his touch, and another ugly gleam appeared in his eyes; but he was not without a certain amount of courage and persistency, especially when the opposite sex constituted his opposition.

"I saw some beautiful and rare lilies whilst passing through the park," he remarked. "Would you go with me and see them?"

Thus directly challenged, her sense of politeness would not permit her to refuse, and she reluctantly arose, but persisted in keeping ahead of him until the sequestered spot where the lilies grew was reached.

"I presume those are they that you referred to," said she, at the same time stepping to an adjoining bed, and plucking a rose, that she began to fasten to her own breast.

"That rose is the language of love, is it not?" said he, again seizing her small hand.

Now, it is needless to say that his lordship was not much of a love-maker. He had wearied his brain many hours that morning in planning this conversation, and the general plan of campaign against the citadel of Lady Eloise's affections. But somehow the enemy's tactics were so different from what he had anticipated that his forces were thrown into entire confusion.

Her icy behaviour chilled him through and through. So, when he had arrived at this crisis he could only stammer, "Ah! er! um! your father, the Earl, intends you, ah! for me, Lady Eloise."

"Oh! indeed," she replied, drawing herself up, "I presume you are imbued with the same charitable purpose?"

"Oh! ah! my Lady, you know how deeply and truly I love you," he stammered.

"I'm sure you must, you've known so much of me," she replied. "Come, let us return to my father."

So saying she hurried ahead of him to where her parents were sitting, and said: "His lordship thinks he must go now."

"What! Not so soon," said the Earl.

"Yes; I've other engagements, you know," said Lord Dolphin, not yet having recovered from his confusion.

After receiving and accepting the cordial invitation of the Earl to become a frequent visitor at Payne Hall, he mounted his horse and rode down the avenue.

"Swamped, by G—" roared his lordship after he had got some distance away.

Startled by the loudness of his own voice, he turned around to learn if the sound would carry to Payne Hall.

"So that's your game, is it, my lady? But I'll have you yet, you'll see."

Another oath, "and then we'll see who'll do the snubbing; d—n her," he hissed through his clenched teeth, "to humiliate me so;" then he roared again, "ha! ha! ha!" His lordship was not without a sense of humor, even when the joke was at his own expense; and when he reflected what a sorry figure he had cut whilst making love to Lady Eloise, he roared again with laughter.

Then the blood would mantle his cheeks as he recalled the bitter humiliation he had been subjected to, and bitter were his curses.

"I'll have her yet," he declared, with a great oath; "and then we shall see who will be humiliated."

Then, as it again flashed across his mind how his friends would have laughed had they witnessed his love-making, he roared with laughter at

the absurdity of the image his mind would form.

Finally, dashing his spurs fiercely into his poor horse, he dashed along the road at a fierce gallop; alternately roaring with laughter, and with swelling veins and heated brow hissing out curses. He looked the picture of a laughing demon, until, at last drawing his half spent steed up at his own door, he hurried to his own room and ordered brandy and sherry to be brought to him.

He sat, alternately drinking great draughts of the liquor, laughing, cursing and swearing, and repeating again and again that he would marry her, until, almost helpless, he, far into the night, rang the bell for his valet, who helped him off to bed, where he lay in a drunken stupor until far into the next day.

Somewhat different was the scene at Payne Hall. Lady Eloise, as soon as her wooer had disappeared, returned to her own apartments, where she remained far into the next day. Late that night, when all the household was still, the Countess might have been seen in her white robes, standing with a lighted taper outside of her daughter's bedroom door.

Having satisfied herself that her daughter was asleep, she noiselessly opened the door and stole softly to her bedside. Although one beautiful arm was thrown across her face, the Countess saw signs of weeping and sorrow there; and stooping down she tenderly kissed her. Then, seeing the sleeper move uneasily in her slumber, she moved quietly away. When she arrived in the hall she pressed one hand to her brow, as her thoughts flew across land and sea to the plains of Austria, and she muttered: "She is as much my daughter as his, and I will save her." That night there came near being a rebellion in the House of Payne.

It was not that the Earl was lacking in affection that he desired this

marriage. Having been implicitly obeyed by all around him since he was three years of age, it had become as impossible to move him from a fixed purpose as to move the adamantine hills. He had also been brought up in an atmosphere that led him to believe that no one could know as well what was good matrimonially for a daughter as her male parent.

The first meeting that took place between Lord Dolphin and his innamorata was not a bad sample of the subsequent ones, she repelling his advances, he going away mentally cursing everything around him, but growing stronger at each visit in his determination to possess her. Not that he loved her. He would have positively hated her had she been a being less fair and lovely.

It was a natural desire to obtain what was difficult to get; combined with a not very well defined, but an ever present, desire for revenge. So, it all ended in her ostensibly, but the Earl and Lord Dolphin in reality, fixing the wedding day for September.

The night after one of her wooer's visits, about four weeks before the fatal day, was a feverish and wakeful one for Lady Eloise. In the morning she nervously and excitedly paced the floor of her apartment, pressing her hands to her brow, exclaiming just above her breath: "Shall I send it? What will he think of me if I do? Can he give me? Will he? He only can."

She pulled from her bosom a letter, looked again at the address, went to the bell to ring it, then withdrew her hand, returned the letter to her bosom, threw herself on the sofa, rose again and paced the floor again, saying: "What would he think of me?" She repeated this many times, becoming more and more excited.

Then, finally, with a resolution formed of desperation, she rang the bell for Julia, her maid, to whom she handed the letter, telling her to give

it to William to post. Hastily glancing at it, Julia saw that it had the Paris address, and rightly concluded that it was for M. De Pontes. Lady Eloise returned to the sofa, and, burying her blushing face in the soft cushion, softly murmured "Oh! what will he think of me?"

Time literally flew now for Lady Eloise. She felt the coils now rapidly closing around her. Bitter was her disappointment at receiving not even a message from Paris, and she was obliged to confess, with burning blushes, that her object had miscarried. So, having, as she supposed, lost M. De Pontes' regard, she calmly resigned herself to her fate, so that the Countess was surprised as well as relieved at her daughter's apparent indifference to coming events.

The lawyers were now called in to prepare the settlement. Then it was that Lord Dolphin had another bacchanalian orgie all by himself in his own room. He was told by his professional man that the Earl was very much disappointed and chagrined at the smallness of the sum that he could bring into the settlement.

This would not have disturbed his lordship in the slightest had the information not been accompanied by the intelligence that the Earl was only able to bring in a few thousand pounds himself. "Stumped again; by G—!" he exclaimed. "Just my luck lately! Why, it's only a beggar girl I am marrying, after all. So the old chap was disappointed at the smallness of my fortune, was he? Ha! ha! ha! Well, that is rich. That is why he was so anxious to make me his son-in-law, was it? I really thought it was on account of my own amiability of character. Ha! ha! ha!"

He at one time thought of throwing the whole job up, as he expressed it; but there was the absorbing desire to possess her that he experienced. Besides, as he reflected, parents of late years had shown an indisposition, for

various reasons, to throw their daughters at his head, and he concluded that he might not do even as well.

As the Earl paced the floor of his library that night, far into the morning, pale and dejected, he bitterly reproached himself for not having seen to the settlement before the engagement was made public and invitations to the wedding were issued. He had been so sure, however, of the extent of Lord Dolphin's patrimony. How he could dissipate £250,000 within eight years was beyond the Earl's comprehension. He tried to console himself with the thought that there was something substantial left, and that, perhaps, after marriage he would settle down and take care of it.

It was a September sun that now shone on Payne Hall, as carriage after carriage rolled on their way to the church.

"Don't she look bootiful, Jim," said an urchin who was gazing through the stile as the carriage containing the bride elect passed.

"Yes," responded Jim; "but she is just like the statoot of the woman I saw in Lunnon, whiter n'er snow."

Five days previous to this M. De Pontes returned to his apartments in Paris from the north of France, where he had been sent to quell an anticipated disturbance. His heart thrilled with delight as he observed a letter awaiting him in a well-known female hand-writing. Hastily opening it he observed that it was dated over three weeks previously, and read as follows:

Payne Hall.

My dear Friend,
Do come to me *at once*. I am in great danger and distress. It may affect you too. Do not delay.
ELOISE.

He hastily began preparations for the journey, and having obtained leave, started early the next morning, and, travelling night and day, he was enabled to drive up to the inn near Payne Hall as the gaily caparisoned equipages were rolling to the church.

"There must be some unusual occurrence here," he remarked to the obsequious landlord.

"Yes," replied the latter, "the marriage of Lady Eloise, at the Hall, to Lord Dolphin. Why, what is the matter," he added, as he saw his guest reel and stagger.

"Weariness," was the reply. "I have been travelling day and night." Calling for a glass of brandy, his resolution was taken.

Having changed his clothes, and refused refreshments, he sauntered to the church.

He followed what he supposed to be the general public into the gallery, and seated himself by the side of the great organ, leaned on the railing, and gazed full at the ceremony with throbbing temples and breaking heart. He arrived a little before the fatal "yes" was pronounced, and waited until the bridal party turned around and walked towards the door, the almost fainting bride leaning on the arm of her husband. He gazed at her with such unconscious intensity that Lady Eloise, now Lady Dolphin, felt the magnetic influence of his eyes, and almost involuntarily raised her face; and her eyes, after wandering around for some seconds in an uncertain way, finally fixed themselves fully on his. With an ill suppressed scream, she fell into the arms of the Earl, who was close behind her. Observing a tendency in the eyes of the party to follow the spot where Lady Dolphin's were last fixed, M. De Pontes hastily withdrew behind a pillar. After all others had left the church, he departed, reeling, in spite of all the self-control he could muster, like a drunken man.

Ten days later, at three o'clock in the morning, a tall, magnificent form, muffled to the eyes in a military cloak, was pacing the deck of a ship that was hurrying across the Mediterranean from Marseilles to Algiers, with supplies and reinforcements for the small French army that was trying to quell

one of the numerous rebellions that had broken out in Algeria, which had recently been acquired by the arms of France.

Sometimes a shifting of the cloak would, in the light of the moon, reveal the features of M. De Pontes, now General De Pontes, his dark eyes blazing more magnificently than ever in contrast with the ashy color of his face.

Having hurried back to Paris from that terrible wedding scene, he implored the King to permit him to engage in active service: he did not care in what capacity,—as a private, if need be,—so long as he would have work to do. His Majesty, smiling, commended his zeal, and ended by making him a general in command of a division, and he was now on his way to take charge of his troops. He also intimated that as the commandant in Algeria was in failing health, there might be still greater promotion for him.

Tremendous had been the struggle with his love during the last ten days, but the firm, compressed look that was settling about his mouth was a sufficient indication that he was fast obtaining the mastery over himself.

Backward and forward he paced until the sun arose, when his face took a set like flint, which never afterwards left it, the volcano of his affection having burned so fiercely that it had expended all its force; and his heart was now left a cold, dead crater, never more to give forth the least spark of the life of love.

Returning to the bridal pair, we shall not follow them through the various cities on their honey-moon, nor have we space to describe the acts of refined cruelty the bridegroom invented, either to gratify the fiendish disposition within himself, or to wreak vengeance on his wife for anti-nuptial slights. Baden-Baden was the last place they visited, where she would have felt humiliated at the low company he kept with both sexes, had she

not got past all feeling on the subject. Here, one night, he lost all his money at play, and requested his wife to give him what she had, in order to get home.

On his promising to return home, she gave him a letter of credit for the £300 that the Countess, as she was leaving for home, had slipped into her hands for an emergency.

He kept his promise, and in due time they were at Ashley Park.

Then followed two years of debauchery on his lordship's part. Terrible was the scene when her ladyship refused to receive or even to see his boon companions; and it required all the traditional spirit of her house to enable her to sustain her part. The morning after a night of his usual debauchery, he presented himself before his lady and bluntly informed her that he had been ruined the day before on the turf and he was stranded high and dry, and was about being raided by the sheriff; and he ended by requesting her to get the Earl to advance her some more money.

She replied that her father had crippled his finances, as he well knew, on their marriage, and it was useless to apply for more.

He declared that he believed nothing of the kind, and expressed the opinion that the old Earl was a miser; and, he added, getting warmer as he proceeded, and as the fumes of brandy rose to his head: "If he hasn't any money he had no business to palm off his pauper daughter on me."

Something of her old spirit was aroused in her. She sprang up and faced him, and retorted that "his motive may have been the same as that which prompted him to fasten her to a human hyena."

This unexpected exhibition on her part had a slightly sobering effect on her amiable spouse, who, somewhat ashamed, beat a retreat.

He mounted his horse, and, lashing him with his whip, galloped like a

madman, he knew not and cared not whither, until he unwittingly approached the estate of a maiden aunt of his, of great wealth. Strange to say, this aunt loved her nephew, a fact that he well knew; and a happy thought occurred to him, and he slapped his knee and swore a great oath, as he thought of it, that he would ask her for aid.

To make a long story short, after calling on her several times, and flattering her, he succeeded in his object. Lawyers were again called in, and the settlement was prepared which forms the foundation of the action which forms the title to this story, and without which the courts would never have been encumbered with its record, and this true report would never have been written.

Shortly;—she advanced her nephew a considerable sum in cash, and settled a valuable property on Lady Dolphin, who was to receive the income during her life, with power to say by her will or deed to whom the whole estate should go, and, in default of her exercising such power, then the whole estate was to go to Lord Dolphin.

Another year passed, and his lordship was again "strapped," as he expressed it.

His last night at Ashley Park was a fair specimen of many a previous one, and was spent in the card-room with his old cronies, Tony Blake, Cute Ableson, Ralph Cummings, and some fresh blood in the person of Lord Rosleigh. The last-named gentleman, to tell the truth, was ashamed of his company, and he only came out of deep sympathy and respect for Lady Dolphin, whom he wished to believe that all her old friends had not deserted her.

So, after midnight her ladyship was disturbed by an uproar in the card-room, not, it must be confessed, an unusual occurrence. His lordship, the host, was endeavoring to eliminate the

element of chance, which is the great drawback to all games of cards, by practising what is known to the fraternity as marking and holding back cards. He had been detected in the act: hence the uproar. Lady Dolphin, on going to the head of the stairway, overheard Lord Rosleigh inform her lord and spouse that unless he left England by to-morrow morning he would publish him in every club in the country as a common card cheat and blackleg. She could not hear the angry but cowed retort of her husband. She was startled and terrified.

An hour or so later, when his lordship presented himself at her bedroom door with bloodshot eyes, hair tossed, and unshaven face, she trembled lest he should desire to impose his agreeable society on her. After staring at her for some time in a half-tipsy unconsciousness, he changed his mind, if such had been his purpose, and withdrew.

On rising the next morning she learned that his lordship had departed for London, leaving word for his valet to follow him with all his clothing; and he thus disappears from the scene for some years,—from England forever, some good people prophesied—a prophecy which, like most others, was not to be verified, as will hereafter transpire.

PART II.

His Majesty the King of France was right when he informed General De Pontes that the commander of the forces in Algeria was ill. So ill was he that the conduct of the whole campaign fell almost entirely on the new general, and the result justified the wisdom of the choice; for, after a brilliant campaign, the rebellion was quelled. The only criticism the general was subjected to was that he exposed himself too much to danger, apparently being a man who did not fear, but actually courted death.

The commandant having shortly afterward died, General De Pontes was promoted to the vacant position. He had been stationed a year at Algiers before the time when our noble lord retired so quietly from Ashley Park, when the startling intelligence was conveyed to him from reliable sources that the natives were in great numbers marching to capture a French stronghold in the Kabyle territory. Not anticipating any trouble, the French were unprepared, and considerable delay was experienced in getting ready the reinforcements. But having with his usual energy overcome all obstacles, the commandant was, within ten days, by forced marches, a considerable distance on the road to the relief of the garrison.

Having halted a few hours for rest and refreshments, the army again, on the tenth night, resumed its march at about eleven o'clock. Every man had a sickening knowledge of what it meant for a French garrison to fall into the hands of the natives,—this filled them with a determination to succeed.

The advance guard of the French had proceeded some distance, when it unexpectedly came to an immense host of the Kabyles. Both armies were surprised. Their foes had the advantage over the French, who had by the noise of their march disturbed them from their slumbers, and they had formed some kind of order before the French came up, and had made some preparation to receive them. A volley of musketry fired from the darkness into the French ranks revealed the presence of the enemy. The advance guard of the French began quietly to extinguish their torches, and as they did so, strange to say, their foes began to light theirs. Supports having arrived, there ensued a desperate hand-to-hand conflict; the French, by reason of the enemy's ranks being to some extent lighted by their torches, were able to do some execution with their rifles.

They were being slowly driven back, however, when the commandant appeared on the scene. Throwing himself at the head of the troops, his voice rang out above the turmoil:—

"Shall Frenchmen be cowards? Is this what the great Napoleon taught you? Be soldiers! Be men! Follow me.—Charge." Regardless of native weapons, his sword flashed, and it never fell without carrying death and destruction in its course. The native chiefs shrank from these terrific blows. The French, inspired by the example of their leader, returned to the charge with renewed vigor and determination. At this juncture two or three cannon were placed in position, and shells were cast at random into what was supposed to be the enemy's centre.

At this moment multitudes of waving torches flashing among the surrounding hills, the fitful fire of musketry, the clash of arms, the groans of the wounded and dying, the shrieks of the cannon, heard in the still night air, all combined to make the scene one of terrible magnificence and grandeur. The old story was finally repeated of barbaric hosts going down beneath the steady valor of European discipline. The commandant, somewhat exhausted by his gigantic efforts, fell behind when he saw the ranks of the enemy giving way, and, leaning against a rock for support, he exclaimed: "O my God! am I not to find death yet? How long, O how long am I to carry the burden of life?"

Confused sounds of voices, some in distress, from behind a near projecting rock, attracted him, and hurrying to the spot, he witnessed a scene that aroused every emotion of passion and resentment within him. By the light of a torch, held by one of his own soldiers, he observed a magnificent-looking Kabyle chief of high rank, reclining against a trunk of a tree, severely wounded. Over him half knelt and half reclined a lovely crea-

ture, evidently his daughter. Accustomed as he was to the beauty of the native Kabyle women, the commandant thought that he had never before seen one so lovely. Her right arm was around the old chieftain's neck, whilst the left was extended above as if to ward off the blows that two of the French soldiers were aiming at him. Her large, liquid eyes were uplifted to them with a pleading, supplicating expression, while she earnestly and piteously addressed them in her native tongue, which they did not understand, and which only excited their ribaldry. Two more soldiers were also struggling to drag her away, they laughingly remarking that they had got a prize at last.

The commandant sprang like a tiger to the spot, and, striking up the weapons aimed at the old chief, in a stentorian voice shouted: "Cowards! is this the way you show your bravery? There is your place," pointing with his sword to a spot where the enemy was still holding out, and striking each of the soldiers who had hold of the damsel a fierce blow with the flat of his sword; then the whole four slunk shame-facedly away. Beckoning some of his attendants to him, he directed them to carry the chief to his own tent, and quietly taking hold of the damsel, he intimated to her by signs that she could follow. He accompanied her a short distance, binding with his handkerchief a wound that had been inflicted on her perfectly shaped arm by one of his soldiers.

The commandant knew well the native disposition, and that after the great repulse they would not be able to collect their forces again that season; so, sending forward part of his forces under his second in command, with the promise of more reinforcements, if necessary, he returned to Algiers, conveying the old chieftain and his daughter with him. Two days after they had started on their return trip, the chieftain died of his wounds, and was, with torches wav-

ing over him, buried at dead of night in a hillside. The burial was conducted under the direction of the commandant, with such military honors as he could, under the circumstances, command. By his order, great stones were placed to mark the grave, and he caused the interpreter to explain to his mourning daughter, that every facility would be offered for his being removed to the burial-ground of his fathers, any time that she desired; and that he would also see her conveyed safely to her friends now if she wished. To this last proposition she strongly objected, and throwing herself at the commandant's feet, she implored him, according to the interpreter, to allow her to accompany him, saying that she was the daughter of a chieftain and the last of her line, and that she had no friends but him, and would love and serve him always for saving her life and that of her father. He ordered, then, that she should be placed in the conveyance in which some of the wives of the officers were returning to Algiers. After once more throwing herself on the grave of her father in a passionate fit of weeping, she suffered herself to be led away.

Four years now passed during the administration of the affairs of Algeria by the commandant, and never did French justice shine to more advantage. There was no question of partiality for European over native. Condign was the punishment inflicted in several instances on his own countrymen when he detected them in acts of oppression towards the natives. The poor natives did not know until now what justice meant; and they learned to love and revere that stern, just man who was never known to smile.

About four years after the battle among the hills, the commandant was greatly agitated at observing a letter in his mail, in a well-known feminine handwriting that he had not seen since that afternoon in Paris on his

return from the north of France. Hastily opening the seal he discovered, as he suspected, that it was from Lady Eloise. It told him a pitiful tale of the sorrows of her two years of life with her husband, his subsequent desertion, the death of both the Earl and the Countess, her four subsequent years of lonely life, of how she suspected that some terrible misunderstanding had arisen to disappoint them both in their loves, and ended by asking if he would care to relieve the loneliness of a sad life by becoming again her friend, and, at least, corresponding with her. Long and deeply did the commandant ponder over the problem whether or not he should answer this letter. Closely he examined himself, and he knew that he did not, and never could again love her. Those flames had been forever quenched that night on the Mediterranean sea. He believed that no good could come of the correspondence. All night long he sat on his piazza overlooking the beautiful sea and bay; he held communion only with the moon, stars and soft sea breezes. The red glow of his cigar never ceased until, as the gray of dawn began to creep over the mountains, he went wearily to bed.

His sense of gallantry towards a lady in distress had triumphed; and letter after letter passed between them. Those from her he could easily detect breathed between the lines the deepest love. One day he was still more than ever surprised to receive one, which is set down in the records of this suit, and copied in the reports, enclosing a deed of all the property over which she had the power of appointment, reserving an annuity of only £500 per annum to herself. She declared in her letter that this was only an act of justice towards one to whom she had unwittingly caused so much sorrow, and was one that had received the sanction of her mother on her dying bed. An act of such self-sacrifice determined the commandant

to perform one on his part in order to make her happy,—a proposal of marriage.

The only obstacle in the road was Lord Dolphin, who was, in the eye of the law, though not in the sight of Heaven, Lady Eloise's husband. The lawyers were again called in, and they solemnly advised that the way to dispose of that difficulty was for his lordship and his wife to reside in Scotland for forty days in order to obtain a domicile, and then obtain a Scottish divorce. His lordship, for an ample money consideration, readily consented. That amiable gentleman would as readily have consented to go to Labrador and marry an Esquimaux for a sufficient consideration, spot cash, provided it was not saddled with any inconvenient conditions that would prevent him from deserting his wife, and returning to his usual haunts of civilization.

The forty days' residence was completed and the divorce obtained.

Again, a bark is ploughing the beautiful Mediterranean between Marseilles and Algiers. The night is a balmy one, the brilliant moon and stars causing the peaceful waters to flash with a silvery brightness. Two female forms are on deck, one, Lady Eloise, and the other, her faithful maid Julia. The former is on her way to Algiers to become wedded to her only love, who could not leave his military post to come to her. "I never expected to be so happy again," she said to Julia, and leaning over the railing of the boat, she softly murmured: "My love, my love will come back to me." The lovely daughter of the late Earl of Payne was the admired of all on board, who were charmed with her vivacity of manner and marvellous beauty, chastened, as was easily to be seen, by the marks around her mouth, by some deep sorrow.

In due course the boat dropped at anchor in the bay, and she was soon in the arms of her loved one. An-

other wedding took place, at which the bride's face shone with a happiness she did not attempt to conceal. As for the commandant, one of his officers remarked that he had often seen him march to the cannon's mouth with more pleasure.

Then followed weeks of unalloyed happiness for Lady Eloise, she performing the social duties of her station, as she so well knew how. What, though her lord was not demonstrative in his affections, she possessed him all herself, and her soul fairly revelled in its happiness.

As week after week, however, and month after month, flew on with no response to her affections, she began to grow weary waiting for it. Nobly she fought against her craving for a return of love. Surely she was cast in a too sensitive mould for this cold world. She tried to excuse to herself his neglect of her by thinking he was pressed by the duties of state. In spite of all this, the affectionate Julia saw her mistress slowly pining away for the want of love.

The commandant had, at the commencement of their married life, expressed the desire that she should keep near her person the Kabyle maid, the old chieftain's daughter, whose refined beauty now outshone that which she possessed when we last saw her weeping over her father's grave. Besides her rich, warm, dark complexion, she had a perfect form, set off by a willowy grace of motion that enchanted the beholder. She seemed to follow with her large, lustrous eyes every movement of the commandant, in a look of devotion not equalled by the expression that any painter has yet given to the Madonna. Lady De Pontes readily consented to this request, in order to please her lord, but would not dismiss Julia, who was always at her call. Lady Eloise could never fathom the Kabyle maid, whose confidence or affection she could never gain. The girl, so warm and affectionate in the society of others, froze

like an icicle in that of her mistress. One day, as she was arranging her mistress's hair, she suddenly stopped in the operation, which caused Lady Eloise to look up, when she saw reflected in the mirror such hatred towards herself, and ferocity depicted on the countenance of the girl, that she hastily turned around, and in doing so also caught the girl in the act of drawing a dagger from her bosom. When she saw herself detected, she threw the dagger to the floor, and flinging herself on her knees, seized hold of the hands of her mistress, and passionately kissed them as well as the slippered feet, begging her in broken French to forgive her, for she did not know what she was doing. "I will go away from here, *miladi*," she continued, "and never see nor trouble you any more. He was mine before he was yours, but he is yours now, and I give him to you; but I cannot stay here."

At this stage the door softly opened, and the little three-year-old son of the girl ran in, crying: "Mamma."

Seizing him with one arm, she said, "Look here! can you wonder why I love him so?"

Lady Eloise did look; and in looking, the whole story was revealed to her, and she wondered at her stupidity in not having read it before: for she saw in the arms of the Kabyle girl the perfect form and image of the commandant. Sinking back in her chair, she faintly requested that Julia be sent to her. When Julia entered, seeing the dagger on the floor, and having seen the girl leave her mistress's room with the child on her arm, and an agitated look on her countenance, she quickly divined what was wrong. She quickly applied restoratives to her mistress, who was unconscious, and was rewarded by soon seeing her revive. Lady Eloise faintly requested to be removed to the window overlooking the Mediterranean. Not that she desired to look upon the beauties that were spread before her gaze.

She felt that she had no place to look now. Many a night had she, alone with the moon, looked from the window at Ashley Park across to France, until her eyes had acquired that far-away look remarked by her friends, and, when in France, after learning that her love was in Algiers, she looked to that place; but now she simply lay with closed eyes and allowed the soft sea breeze to fan her aching brow.

That night the commandant was informed that her ladyship was too indisposed to appear for dinner. She lay by the open window all night, agitated in her mind as to her future course. After many a struggle, she concluded that she could not suppress her love, and she resolved to look for no more happiness for herself, but to spend her life in the endeavor to make her husband happy.

With this resolve she went down to breakfast, smiling and trying to look composed. The commandant looked curiously at the pale and worn expression on her face, for he had got some inkling from the girl herself as to what had taken place. She might have kept her resolution, but that afternoon, as she was walking through the garden, weak and worn, with nerves unstrung, and unable to control them, she observed the Kabyle maid issue from one of the arbors, followed by the commandant, who unexpectedly encountered his wife face to face. The old Payne pride arose in her, and she reproached him bitterly, and requested to know if he had brought her there to humiliate her.

Stung by her reproaches, he replied: "Rather ask yourself if this is what you came for. I was not aware that I was the moving party in that act." So saying, he walked past her.

Stung by the taunt, which she felt was not altogether untrue, and feeling more broken in spirit by the consciousness she now possessed that he did not and could not love her, she went to her apartments. That even-

ing the commandant heard loud shrieks from his lady's rooms. On enquiry he learned that she had had an attack of hysteria.

All that night the commandant again sat on his piazza, busily thinking, his cigar-end being again one perpetual glow. Several times he sent up enquiries after his lady's welfare, and learned that she was becoming composed. When the gray streak of day began to appear, he went again wearily to bed.

Our story is now soon told. The last scene is again in sunny France, three weeks later than the events last above recorded. The day is intensely warm. The sun is pouring his rays, with all his fury, on the bare, white, hot-looking hills in the neighborhood of Sedan. These hills seem to reflect and concentrate these rays on the hot, dusty roadway leading to the convent of St. Bride, along which, at two o'clock in the afternoon, a carriage drawn by two horses is wending its way. All day had the weary horses drawn their burden along in the scorching sun. The driver seemed almost spent with the heat. Seen through the doorway of the carriage were signs of bed clothing, indicating that one of its occupants was an invalid. Another was the faithful Julia; the third, a lady friend of the invalid, and the fourth, a physician.

From the tones of the voices in the carriage, a stranger would conclude that there was considerable difficulty experienced in soothing the invalid. At last, towards evening, as the horses were about spent, the weary party drew up at the door of the convent, which nestled at the foot of a steep, verdure-clad hill, and was surrounded by a landscape that would ravish the painter's eye.

The Mother Superior having answered the bell, after some words of explanation from Julia, exclaimed: "Why, you said I was not to expect you for two days at least, and I am not prepared."

Julia hastily told why they were obliged to hurry on. In answer to further enquiries, Julia was obliged to explain that the patient, Lady Eloise, for she it was, was somewhat violent.

"Well then," replied the Mother, "we shall be obliged to put her in the cell until we get ready the apartments we intend for her."

The patient was then, in an unconscious state, carefully taken to the cell, lifted into the bed and undressed, whilst the Mother hastened away to prepare her apartments, leaving the patient in charge of Julia. The latter, happening to think of some necessary article, left the cell for the purpose of obtaining it, leaving Lady Eloise alone. The latter shortly afterwards regained her consciousness, and gazing around could not conceive where she was. Her eyes, however, caught sight of the iron bars of the room, and she hastily slipped from the bed and went to them and caught hold of one.

"Ah!" she exclaimed, "this is what I want, strength," and she tried to shake it with both her hands. "Oh! so strong," she continued. "Had I always had these to help me I should not be so unhappy!" "Unhappy!" she exclaimed, again, laughing. "I forgot; I'm not unhappy. Oh! I'm so happy. You remember that night on the boat, Julia? How happy we were! I going to my true love. But, listen! I hear the cry of the child of the Kabyle girl. Oh! it's his voice, his look, his form. Oh! save me," she sobbed, "I'm so unhappy. No! I forgot; am I happy or unhappy? Which is it?" and she pressed her hands to her brow in a vain effort to arrange her confused thoughts.

Then she took hold of the iron bars again, and began pacing to and fro alongside of them, drawing her fingers across them time and again.

"Oh, how strong they are!" she exclaimed again. "How I love them!" and she kissed them again and again.

"Hark!" she called, "I hear his step coming up the stairs. He is com-

ing into my room. He is there, staring at me with his bloodshot eyes. You villain! how dare you call me the pauper daughter of an Earl. But, oh! that's all over; all over." And she again pressed her hands to her poor, puzzled forehead.

"Eloise, Eloise; I love you, I love you," she repeated.

Then she began walking to and fro, as before, drawing her fingers, till they were sore, across the iron bars, all the while singing, in a low, mournful tone, "My love, my love will come back to me."

Looking at her fingers, she discovered that the constant rubbing of the rough iron had worn away the tender skin, and that they were bleeding. This seemed to afford her much amusement, for she laughed hysterically and kissed them, repeating several times: "How good is blood, for it is that which saves." She again walked backward and forward, drawing her fingers across the bars, all the time repeating the same things as before, until she again looked at her fingers, which were bleeding sorely now, and exclaimed: "Oh! I forgot, it's His blood that saves," and, with a loud shriek that rang through the corridors, she

fell, hitting her head on the hard stone floor.

Both Julia and the Superioress hastened to her and lifted her upon one of the beds, where her spirit, almost immediately, made one desperate struggle and tore itself from the tabernacle in which it had been so tempest-tossed and torn, and flew away to the land of rest.

You ask me why I close my story so sadly. I can only reply that I set out to report the main facts of this case, and my record must be true; and secondly, it is as well to have the reverse side of the medal presented to us sometimes, and thus learn that there is much sorrow in the world as well as happiness. A recognition of this fact would, perhaps, conduce more to human sympathy and mutual help than does the opposite belief, that every tale of human experience must necessarily have a happy ending, an opinion as untrue as it is comfortable in enabling us to pass quietly to the other side of the street when we observe human suffering lying on this, in the fond delusion that in some incredible way, without our aid, everything will come out all right in the end.





THE BATTERY AT FORT MACKINAC.

THE GATE OF LAKE MICHIGAN.

BY CAPT. J. A. CURRIE.

AMONG the many charming spots known to summer tourists in the northern part of this continent, there are two places that, by their natural beauty and historic interest, easily rank first. The one is the ancient city of Quebec; the other, the Island of Mackinac. The one guards the entrance to the great inland seas and waterways; the other stands sentinel at the spot where three great lakes almost meet, and from its strategical position and military history can well be called the Gibraltar of the inland seas. The natural charms and traditions of the *ancient city* of New France have been so often told by abler pens than mine, that it would be a waste of effort to retell what is known to all. But with respect to Mackinac it is different, and I may be pardoned if I briefly give a description of this beautiful island, its history and traditions. For—

We have been there, and still would go.
'Tis like a little heaven below.

Mackinac has already been immortalized in some of the romances of that charming American story-teller, Constance Fennimore Woolson. In the novel, "Anne," and the short sketches, "Flower of the Snows," "The Old Agency," "Jeannette," and "Fairy Island," the scenes are laid in this beautiful spot. A more appropriate place for romance could not well be chosen.

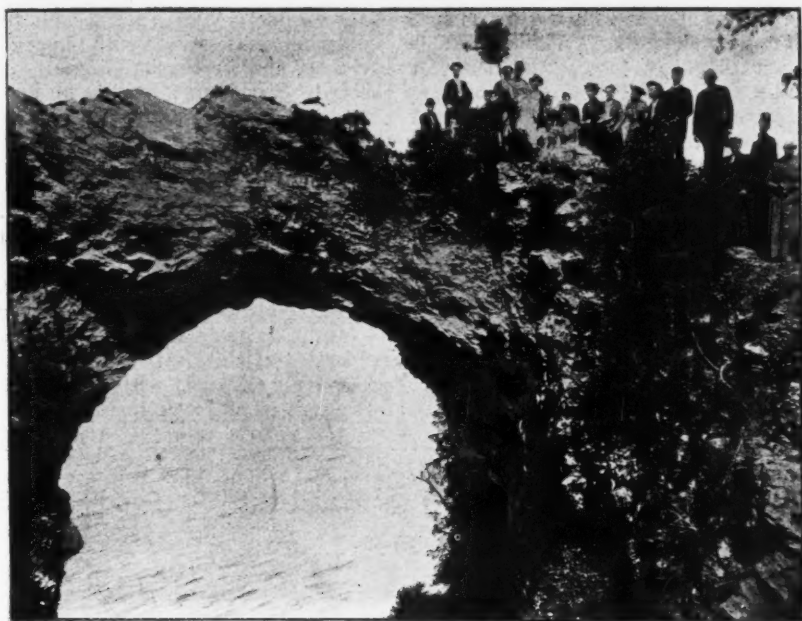
Year by year Mackinac is becoming more famous as a watering place and health resort, for the climate is exceptionally good for invalids, and the natural beauty of the scenery and surroundings is such as to give one a feeling of rest and contentment seldom elsewhere experienced.

The Island of Mackinac is to be found on the maps where Lake Michigan adds its waters to the great, majestic Huron. It is situated in the straits of Mackinac, four miles east of the narrowest part, thirty miles from Lake Michigan, and fifteen miles from Lake Huron. The chartographers will tell

you it is latitude $45^{\circ} 51'$ north, and longitude $80^{\circ} 36'$ west of Greenwich. The average highest temperature for June, July, and August is 83° . Owing to the large areas of water on each side, the temperature varies but little. The air is very pure and bracing, and admirably suited for those in poor health, especially those suffering from nervous diseases, or lung trouble.

The island is shaped like a kite without a tail, the stump of the caudal ap-

present level. It is a grave question whether the lake has fallen, or the island has risen by some great convulsion of nature many centuries ago. The highest point on the island is the lookout at Fort Holmes, 336 feet above the level of Lake Huron. Nothing can surpass the picturesque beauty of the interior. Here and there huge rocks tower aloft like gothic temples; arches innumerable have been formed in the calcareous rock, and there are



THE ARCH ROCK.

pendage towards the north. Its area is 2,221 acres; of this the United States government holds 911 acres as a national park, and 103 acres for a military reservation. The geological formation is such as to cause many interesting natural curiosities. The Arch Rock and the Sugar Loaf are examples. The rocks are of a limestone formation, and show evidence of the water having at one time been two hundred and fifty feet above its

many curious caverns; whilst nature is lavish in her profusion of foliage and flowers.

Let me take you in fancy to this island. The steamer has just landed us at the harbor on the south side, and this sheltered cove is dotted with numerous yachts, the property of wealthy visitors who spend their summer days in the picturesque cottages found further inland. About the harbor clusters an old-fashioned town,

which reminds you of the pictures of quaint fishing hamlets in Brittany. The streets are narrow and winding, and the houses are old, some of stone, and some of wood. Here we come to the Astor House. This house has a history, for it was at one time the headquarters of the great fur trading company of which the moving spirit was the ancestor of the present proprietor of the *Pall Mall Gazette*. It was here that the foundation of what is perhaps the greatest fortune in the world was laid. But that is nothing. Stranger things than that have happened here. A little further on they will show you a cottage at the corner of Astor and Fort-streets, and they will tell you that it was here that Alexis St. Martin was shot in 1821. But who in the world was Alexis St. Martin? If you are not a medical man, you cannot be expected to know. Let me tell you the story. St. Martin was a French Canadian employed by the American Fur Company. One day he was accidentally shot. In brief, a heavy charge of duck shot made a large hole in his stomach, which

healed up but never closed. Dr. William Beaumont, the post surgeon, attended the wounded man, and fitted a piece of glass in the aperture, and through this window he was able for many years to observe the action of various kinds of food on the man's stomach. The discoveries made through this animated telescope were of more importance to science than any so far made through the Lick telescope. These experiments of Dr. Beaumont's form one of the most interesting chapters in medical science. Dr. Beaumont was filled with morbid curiosity, and in the building inside the walls of this fort, built as an hospital by the British, they will tell you the ghosts of long since departed Indians nightly frolic, as they were victims of his inquisitive knife. Thus Mackinac has made important contributions to finance and acience, as well as history and literature.

The fort is, perhaps, one of the most interesting places on the island. Over its ramparts the flags of France, England, and the United States have successively floated. Originally the fort consisted of block houses, earth-



A STREET IN MACKINAC.

works, and a palisade ten feet high made of cedar pickets, with sharp iron prongs projecting. There has been some improvement since then, but the walls and works would not very long withstand the fire of modern high-power cannon.

The Chippewa name for Mackinac Island is Mishinimaknaug, signifying "at the great uplifted bow," or "at the great hanging arch," possibly so named from the great natural curiosity, the Arch Rock. Many Indian legends are associated with the spot. The Indians believed that the island was the Fairy Island—the abode of spirits. It was here, according to Indian tradition, that Hiawatha was born. It was here also, after observing a spider weaving his web, that that hero invented the art of fishing with a gill net. A few antiquarians claim that the island was first inhabited by the "Ancient Miners" of Upper Michigan, a race that has completely disappeared, leaving behind it nothing but a few excavations, and copper tools with flint-like edges. Tradition says that this race was exterminated by the Iroquois. The first white man to visit the island was John Nicolet, who went as far as Green Bay in 1634. Several French traders visited the island in 1656, looking for furs, but Nicolas Perrot, the well known writer, saw Mackinac in 1665, according to his "memoirs." In 1670 a Jesuit mission was established at St. Ignace. In 1672 Joliet arrived, and, accompanied by Father Marquette, who had charge of the mission, he made his celebrated journey towards the Mississippi. Father Marquette died at St. Ignace in 1677, and was buried there. His grave has been discovered recently. Two years later, La Salle arrived at Mackinac with the *Griffin*, the first ship built on the inland lakes. Hennepin, the first writer to give a description of

Niagara Falls, and Henry de Tonty, the chevalier of fortune—"Le Bras de Fer"—accompanied him. The rest of that part of the story of New France relating to Mackinac is made up of war and adventure, plots and counter plots, punctuated with alternate massacres of Huron and Iroquois.

When Canada was ceded to the British the latter took possession of the island and surrounding country. On September 28th, 1761, Captain Belfour, of the 80th Regiment, arrived from Detroit in command of a detach-



THE SUGAR LOAF.

ment of the 60th and 80th Regiments. He left Lieut. Leslie, of the Loyal American 60th Regiment, with twenty-eight men, in charge of the post.

Three years later, the great conspiracy of Pontiac was formed. A high bluff on the south side of the island—"Pontiac's Lookout"—is still named after this treacherous chief. On June 2nd, the garrison, consisting of Capt. Etherington, Lieutenants Jamel and Leslie, with thirty-five men, were in-

nocently watching a great game of lacrosse played by a band of Chippewas outside the fort. It was one of those charming days when all nature appears to be at peace; and there was not the faintest suspicion in the minds

city of their race. They were all killed, but such of them as were able to pick up their weapons sold their lives dearly. Captain Etherington, Lieut. Leslie, and the remainder who were outside,

were pounced upon and taken prisoners. They were afterwards ransomed by Lieut. Gorell and his command from the fort at Green Bay. By the conspiracy of the crafty Pontiac eleven posts were attacked in a somewhat similar manner almost simultaneously, and eight were captured and the garrisons tomahawked.

It was in 1780 that the British



LIME KILN, BUILT BY THE BRITISH, 1780.

of the garrison. The Indians were congregated in large numbers outside the palisades, and, inside, the parade ground was well filled with squaws.

removed from old Mackinac to the present fort on the island. It was not till 1796 that the fort was formally ceded to the United States.

Not a weapon except the lacrosse stick was visible. Suddenly the ball shot high in the air and descended inside the fort. The braves, apparently excited in the chase after the ball, rushed inside. Suddenly, as if by magic, the war whoop was raised. The squaws congregated inside the stockade had weapons concealed under their blankets,

which were handed to the excited warriors, and the garrison was taken by surprise. Lieut. Jamel, and fifteen men who happened to be inside fought with the dogged tena-

The Americans remained in possession till July, 1812. On July 15th of this year, Capt. Charles Roberts, of the 10th Royal Veteran Battalion, who had command of the British post



OLD STONE QUARTERS, BUILT 1870.

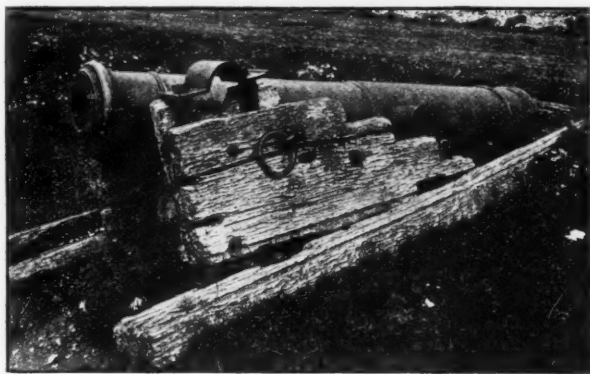
at St. Joseph's Island, received word from General Brock that war had been formally declared by the United States, and ordering him to adopt "the most punctual measures." Capt. Roberts had 46 regulars and 200 Canadian militia, mostly Glengarry Fencibles, under his command. He immediately decided to take the aggressive, and the following day he embarked his command in ten batteaux, seventy canoes, and the North-West Company's ship *Caledonia*. He had two iron six-pounders, but many of his troops were poorly armed.

About three o'clock in the morning of the 17th the expedition arrived at the spot now called the British Landing. An Indian guide at dawn led the British

morning came and the Americans sounded "reveille," they were amazed to find the enemy in possession of the strongest position on the island. A flag of truce was sent to Lieut. Porter Hanks, who was in command of the



BEACH VIEW AT MACKINAC.



CANNON FROM COMMODORE PERRY'S FLEET.

to the highest point on the island, now called Fort Holmes. Here an earthwork was hastily thrown up and a gun planted commanding the fort about half a mile below. When

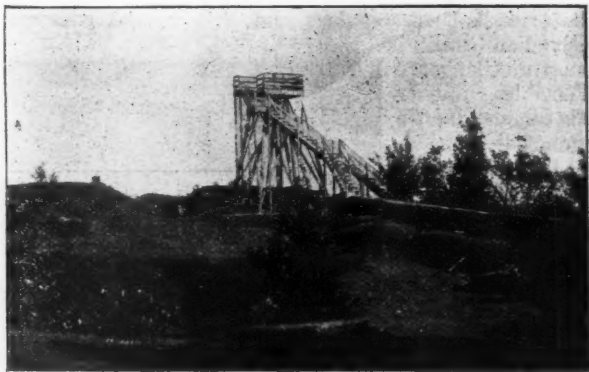
garrison, and after consulting with his officers he decided to capitulate. In looking over the fort the visitor will be shown the old north sally-port. It

was outside this gate that the British troops stood in line and presented arms on July 17th, 1812, when Lieuts. Porter Hanks and Archibald Darragh marched the American troops out with reversed arms, to become prisoners of war. The British at once proceeded to strengthen the place, and Fort Holmes, then called Fort George,

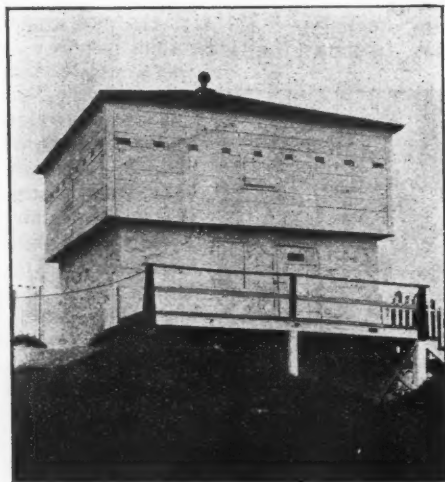
was built. This fort was a quadrangular redoubt, with ramparts, a ditch and a covered way. Guns were mounted there by the energetic Roberts, and the island was rendered

almost impregnable. Consequently, when the Americans returned in 1814 to recapture the place, they received a warm reception. Commodore Perry had fought the celebrated naval battle on lake Erie in the fall of the previous year, and written the famous despatch to General Harrison, which Americans are fond of quoting: "We have met the enemy, and they are ours." The American fleet swept Lakes Erie, Huron and Michigan, and a determined effort was made to capture Mackinac,

which alone menaced its supremacy. Colonel George Croghan, with a large force of infantry, after landing and



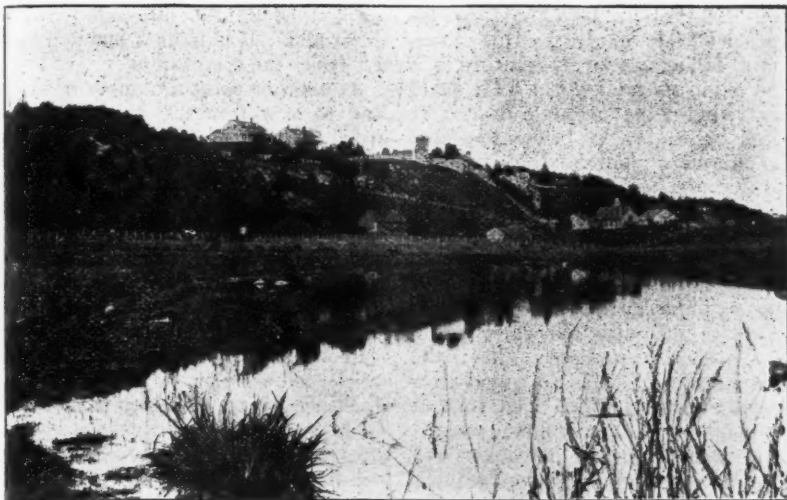
A LOOK OUT.



BLOCK HOUSE.

setting fire to the old fort at St. Joseph's Island, which the British had left unoccupied, arrived at Mackinac on the morning of July 26th. His force

consisted of companies of the 17th, 19th, 24th and 32nd Regiments, the Ohio Militia, United States marines and artillery. He did not make an attempt to land, however, until August 4th. The British and Canadians had strongly fortified the approaches from the British Landing with a series of earthworks, which the guides will still point out to you. The redcoats were under the command of Lieut.-Col. Robert McDougall, of the Glengarry Fencibles, then in command at the fort. Under a heavy fire from the war vessels anchored about 300 yards from the shore, the Americans landed and the line formed up. They advanced only a short distance, until they found the British waiting for them. A desperate struggle ensued. The British were outnumbered and outflanked, but they stood their ground firmly, and charge after charge was repulsed with heavy loss. Finally the Americans fell into confusion and retreated to the landing, where they were taken on board the boats. The Americans in this engagement lost Major Holmes, second in command, Capt. Van Horn and twelve privates killed, one captain, one lieu-



FORT MACKINAC FROM THE SOUTH.

tenant, six sergeants, three corporals, one musician, and thirty-eight men wounded, and two privates missing or taken prisoners. A short distance from Fort George, now called by the Americans Fort Holmes, after the gallant officer that fell there, the guides will show you the military cemeteries where those who fell were buried. In one part of the cemetery the soldiers of the King sleep, in the other the equally brave Americans; and Indian superstition used to have it that nightly, and more especially on the morning of the anniversary of the battle of Mackinac, the hosts of the illustrious dead used to fight the battle over again.

Thus ended the last attempt of the Americans to capture Mackinac by force of arms. On July 18th, 1815, Col. McDougall, according to the terms of the treaty of peace between Great Britain and the United States, marched out, and the stars and stripes were raised on the ramparts once more, the fort being taken possession of by two companies of American riflemen and a half company of artil-

lery, under the command of Col. Anthony Butler.

This ends the military history of the island, so far as the stirring episodes of war are concerned. The only other incident in this connection was the imprisonment of several important State prisoners here during the American civil war. Among them were General W. G. Harding, General Washington Barrows and Judge Joseph C. Guild.

I have briefly given an outline of the history of this beautiful island. I will now refer to a few of the natural curiosities. Perhaps the most important is the Arch Rock, which ranks in interest with the Natural Bridge in Virginia, and the celebrated Newmarket Caves in the same state. A short distance below it is found a smaller arch called the "Fairy Arch." South of the Arch Rock, a high cliff that overlooks the straits below is called, "Robertson's Folly." Legend has it that Capt. Robertson, a young British officer, became enamored of a phantom Indian maiden that used to meet him in the woods on moonlight

evenings, but would always elude him. One night he stated to his brother officers that it was his intention to follow the lovely creature, if it need be, to the next world. His body was found next evening dashed to pieces on the rocks below the cliff. The charming phantom that he loved, and that always escaped him, led him to this fatal cliff and vanished. In his madness he followed her too far, and paid the penalty with his life.

West of the town the guide will show you another spot equally romantic, also a cliff with the water and a strip of sand at its base. This is the "Lover's Leap;" it is so called after an Indian legend which tells that at this point an Indian woman jumped to her death because her lover had been slain in battle by the Iroquois. Close by this, huge caldrons in the rock are called the "Devil's Kitchen," because his Satanic Majesty is supposed to have some corner of this paradise to himself. Another natural curiosity is the Sugar Loaf Rock, which is formed like a pyramid. About half-way up, a ladder will take you to a cave which no doubt was often a place of security for some roving aborigine. The rocks all over the place are scribbled with names.

Thousands of people have left their autographs on the different caves of the island. It is foolish, but you cannot resist the temptation.

At another point a number of steps lead to a well in the rock, which is called the "Wishing Well." You wish something and take a drink, then you climb the steps without speaking, or breathing, or something—I hardly know what the conditions are—and you will get your wish. Well, all I know is that I did not get mine, and I suppose I belong to the great majority.

I could not, in the space of a short article, tell all that is to be told of Mackinac Island. To-day it is one of the best patronized watering-places on the great lakes; and as I sauntered up and down the verandah of the Grand Hotel, watched the sunset tint the clouds in the east, heard the roar of the sunset gun echoed and re-echoed from cliff and shore, and then listened to the sweet, plaintive notes of the bugle sounding "Retreat," I could not help thinking that those sounds, recalling some of the stirring scenes of the past, seemed strangely out of place amid such peaceful and fashionable surroundings.



THE CANADIAN CONSTITUTION ; ITS FICTIONS AND REALITIES.

BY EDWARD MEEK.

IN speaking of the British constitution, it may be said: "Things are not what they seem." The contents of the bottles do not correspond with the old labels.

The walls of the building still stand massive and hoary, to outward appearance, the same as in ages past: venerable, because of their antiquity, but within, the occupants are new and different. So with the British constitution. The monarchical structure, in form and appearance, remains unchanged, but the old occupant is gone, and the new tenant is a real democracy. Living in a palace built for kings, he has acquired somewhat of a regal aspect, sufficient to justify the title of "KING DEMOS."

Geologists tell us those great boulders which are found imbedded in the sand and clay, were brought, by glacial drifts and floating icebergs, from distant countries in remote ages. So, many institutions which we now find imbedded in the political constitutions of modern countries, were brought by the drift of invasion from other countries at different times.

Archæologists tell us the Pyramids, the Colosseum, and other great structures of antiquity, have been the quarries from which many modern buildings have been constructed. So, the constitutions of Greece and Rome have been the political quarries from which valuable material has been taken to construct modern political edifices.

Political constitutions have been evolved and built up out of the materials furnished by agitations, rebellions and revolutions. Migrations and invasions have performed their work and played their part. The *debris* of the constitutions of ancient nations

has furnished suggestions and warnings, and taught useful lessons to modern statesmen.

Great Britain, owing partly to the conflicting characteristics of the different races composing her population, partly to the spirit of independence fostered by her many natural resources, and by her sea-girt protection from invasion, alone, of all the nations of Europe, developed in the direction of political freedom, and has evolved a model of government which all have admired, and many have tried to imitate. Hence, she has justly earned the high distinction of being "the mother of all Parliamentary governments of modern times."

The constitution of the United States is the lineal descendant of the British constitution, the legitimate offspring of the struggles for legal and popular government, and of the victories and conquests won by the revolutions, rebellions, and agitations carried on for centuries in England. But the model, in imitation of which the constitution of the United States was constructed, was the British constitution as it existed in the latter part of the eighteenth century, eliminating what were supposed to be its defects, and adding what was thought would be important improvements. The evolutions of a century have modified and improved the British constitution, and the constitution of the Dominion of Canada is framed in the likeness of this improved model.

By an Act of the Parliament of Great Britain, which came into force on the 1st of July, 1867 (30-31 Vic., cap. 3), four of the British provinces in North America, viz., Upper and Lower Canada, New Brunswick and Nova

Scotia, were, at their own request, united together under one Parliamentary government.

The united provinces were named the "Dominion of Canada." Subsequently the provisions of "The British North America Act, 1867," (as the Canadian Confederation Act is called) with certain unimportant changes, were made applicable to the other provinces of British North America that were brought into the Canadian Confederation, and now the whole of the British possessions in the northern part of the continent of America, with the exception of Newfoundland, have been confederated and consolidated under the legislative and administrative control of the Parliamentary Government located at Ottawa, composed of a House of Commons, a Senate, and a Governor-General, and styled the "Parliament of Canada."

But the principle of local self-government has been established and adhered to throughout, each province possessing a local legislature, a provincial government, and a municipal system.

The intention of the British North America Act was to carry into effect the desire of the provinces to be federally united into one Dominion, with a constitution similar in principle to the constitution of the United Kingdom. The constitution of the United Kingdom is a parliamentary constitution, with the legislative and executive functions combined and performed by the same persons, Parliament being the administrator, as well as the legislator for the nation. The Imperial Parliament is composed of the Queen, the House of Lords, and the House of Commons; and section 17 of the British North America Act provides that "There shall be one Parliament for Canada, consisting of the Queen, an Upper House styled the Senate, and the House of Commons. Under the unwritten British constitution, the Sovereign is the head of the executive as well as of the legislative depart-

ment of government. In theory, the executive and administrative functions are directed and exercised by the Queen, aided and advised by a Privy Council chosen from time to time by her.

So, the B.N.A. Act provides that "the executive government of and over Canada, is vested in the Queen," and is to be carried on by the Governor-General, in the name of the Queen, with the aid and advice of a Council to be chosen by the Governor-General, styled, the "Queen's Privy Council for Canada." There is, however, this difference: The powers, authorities and functions to be exercised by the Governor-General are limited by the various statutes, imperial and colonial, relating to that office, and by written instructions from the Imperial government.

But the executive and administrative government is not really so carried on, either in England or in Canada. In England, the government, both legislative and administrative, is really conducted and carried on by a council or committee of the Houses of Parliament, called the "Cabinet," or "Ministry," and this committee is chosen by the House of Commons—the elective branch of Parliament. Its members are the heads of the various departments of the government. It is not the "Privy Council," but it has taken the place of the Privy Council of former times. In theory it is chosen by the Queen; in reality it is selected by a party having a majority in the House of Commons. In theory, it merely advises the Sovereign and is directed by the Sovereign; in reality, it is supreme and governs the nation in the name of the Sovereign. Its only master is the House of Commons, and it must have the approval and support of the House of Commons, or it must give place to a council which can command such approval and support.

Thus the legislation and administration is conducted and controlled by

the Cabinet; the Cabinet is governed by the House of Commons; and the House of Commons is subject to the will of the nation.

The Premier, or first minister, is the head of the Cabinet; he moulds and directs its policy, both legislative and administrative, and, so far as any one individual can be, he is the ruler of the nation. It is said the Queen reigns, but the Premier rules, and this is true. Being appointed by the House of Commons, and thus by the representatives of the nation, he is truly a democratic ruler chosen indirectly by the people. A century ago the Sovereign exercised a real, a potential influence, in the government of England, both legislative and executive. The Premier and the ministry obeyed the will and executed the commands of the Sovereign. To-day the conditions are reversed. The Premier and his Cabinet, supported by the House of Commons, are the absolute and undisputed rulers of the nation. The Sovereign obeys the will and executes the commands of the Premier. Such, in substance, is Parliamentary government, as it exists in England to-day, and such is the nature, in reality, of the Parliamentary government established in the Dominion of Canada, under the British North America Act.

The constitution of Great Britain, retaining its old forms, has gradually changed into a representative Parliamentary Democracy, and the constitution of the Dominion of Canada works according to this new model. Yet, any one reading the British North America Act, and unacquainted with the actual *modus operandi* of modern parliamentary government would be misled, and would form a very imperfect and erroneous idea of its working in Canada. He would imagine that the Governor-General of Canada and the Lieutenant-Governor of each of the Provinces had a great deal to do in governing the country; in fact, he would almost suppose that our governments are actually carried on by these

officials, in the name of the Queen. All such imaginings would be erroneous. Practically these functionaries have very little power.

The British constitution is unwritten. The framers of the British North America Act attempted to reduce it to writing, but in doing so they have used the language of the theorists of a by-gone age, and the language used is misleading, in some cases entirely inaccurate. For example, section 9 says: "The executive government and authority of and over Canada, is hereby declared to continue and be vested in the Queen." This is the old theory, but it is very far from the literal truth. If the word "Premier" were substituted for the word "Queen" in the section, the language would then express more accurately the actual source and centre of executive authority. The Queen has little to do with the executive government in Great Britain; she merely does what the Prime Minister directs. So, in Canada, the Governor-General performs no important executive act of his own volition; all executive acts, though performed in the name of the Governor-General, or of the Queen, and in accordance with the statutes, Imperial and Canadian, relating to that office, are directed by the Premier and his Cabinet.

Then again, section 11 says: "There shall be a Council to aid and advise in the Government of Canada, to be styled the Queen's Privy Council for Canada: and the persons who are to be members of that Council shall be from time to time chosen by the Governor-General, and may be from time to time removed by the Governor-General." Here, again, the language is totally at variance with the facts, and fails to describe the actual machinery of government. The only Council to aid and advise in the government of Canada, is the Cabinet. The Governor-General might appoint Privy-Councillors, but such appointments would be meaningless and useless. No such Privy Councillors would have any

right to give advice or suggestions on any matter of government; on such matters the Governor-General can only be advised by, and can only act on the advice received from, the Premier and his Cabinet. This principle is as well settled as any other law or rule of responsible Parliamentary government.

The Cabinet, the real Privy Council, is not chosen by the Governor-General; it is chosen by the party having a majority in the House of Commons; and the person who is to be the leader in the Cabinet—the Premier—is chosen by the same majority. It is this leader whom the Governor-General must summon to be his first minister. He has no choice in the matter. If he should summon the leader of the party in the minority in the House, or any other person, to form a ministry, the ministry so formed, could not carry on the government. Its measures, both legislative and administrative, would be rejected by the House of Commons. The Cabinet must therefore be chosen by the House of Commons, and the Governor-General must be advised by such a Cabinet, and by no one else. Chosen by the majority of the people's representatives in the House of Commons, the ministry represents the will of the nation, and the Governor-General must obey the will of the nation, or his recall would be demanded. And the Governor-General cannot remove this Privy Council, or any member of it; should he do so, he would at once come into conflict with the House of Commons.

And yet, strange to say, neither the word "Cabinet" nor the word "Minister" is mentioned in the act, nor is any description of this committee or of its functions given. It receives a vague recognition in those portions of the act relating to the constitution of Provincial governments in Ontario and Quebec, where, instead of "Privy Council," the words "Executive Council" are made use of, and the officers who are to compose these Executive

Councils in the first instance are pointed out. Yet even here the words of the act are: The Executive Council shall be composed of such persons "as the Lieutenant-Governor from time to time thinks fit." (*Vide* sec. 63.) Such language must seem absurd to any person who is informed, for the first time, that the Lieutenant-Governor appoints nobody, and could not say a word if the most unfit man in the Province were made a member of the Executive Council.

Then, with regard to the Canadian Senate, the act (sec. 24 to 34) provides that the Governor-General shall, from time to time, summon a certain number of qualified persons to be Senators, that he shall summon fit persons to fill vacancies in the Senate, and may appoint a Senator to be Speaker of the Senate, and may remove such Speaker and appoint another.

Here, again, the language is misleading, and must not be taken literally. In making appointments to the Senate, the letter of the act is complied with. The Senators are summoned by the Governor-General in the Queen's name, but the appointments are all made by the Premier and his Cabinet. The intention of the act no doubt was, that the most suitable persons should be selected from the different provinces, so that the Upper House might be composed of men of experience and ability; but in practice, political motives govern: the Premier selects such persons for the Senate as his party approves of.

I am not now discussing the merits of the Canadian system of creating a Senate; I am merely endeavoring to penetrate the shams and fictions which exist, and which we are content shall exist, with a view of showing what are the real governmental powers operating in our Canadian constitution.

A curious survival exists in the provision as to money appropriations. Section 54 of the act expresses the parliamentary practice as it exists in England, in providing "that it shall

not be lawful for the House of Commons to adopt or pass any vote, resolution, address or bill for the appropriation of any part of the public revenue, or of any tax or impost, to any purpose that has not been first recommended by message of the Governor-General." Of course all the messages to the House from the Governor-General are prepared by the Cabinet, and are mere intimations or outlines of the policy or plan of government which the Cabinet intends to pursue.

Hence, I think it may be affirmed, as well settled, that no act, either of legislation or of administration, can be performed by the Governor-General personally, that is, without the consent and direction of a Cabinet supported by a majority in the House of Commons.

The Parliament of England is the most supreme and absolute free government in the world. There is no written constitution to restrict its jurisdiction. There is no other power above or behind it, nothing to share in its supremacy, nothing to limit its omnipotence, and the B. N. A. Act confers on the Senate, and the House of Commons of Canada, all the powers exercised and possessed by the British House of Commons, the ruling branch of the Imperial Parliament. Section 18, as amended, in effect says, the powers, privileges, and immunities to be exercised, held and enjoyed by the Senate, and by the House of Commons, and by the members thereof, shall be such as are from time to time defined, by act of the Parliament of Canada, but are not to exceed those held, enjoyed and exercised by the Imperial House of Commons, and by the members thereof. But in considering the powers of self-government possessed by Parliament and the Provincial Legislatures in Canada, it must be borne in mind that the Canadian Dominion is not an independent Sovereign State. It is a member of the confederacy of countries and nations which form the British Empire. Its

relationship to the empire is that of a province, and so long as this relationship subsists, the Imperial Parliament necessarily retains the function of legislating on all matters affecting Canada's relations with foreign nations. Hence, treaties and legislation governing the commercial intercourse between Canada and other countries, must be made by, or have the sanction of, the Imperial Government. Yet, even in such matters, the Canadian Government is always consulted where Canada's interests are concerned. And section 132 of the Act provides that, "the Parliament and Government of Canada shall have all powers necessary or proper for performing the obligations of Canada, or of any province thereof, towards foreign countries, arising under treaties with such foreign countries." As the Canadian Constitution has been created by Imperial legislation, it is, therefore, theoretically at least, subject to the overruling legislative control of the Imperial Parliament, and to the right of the Imperial Parliament to repeal, alter or amend it, and no doubt the Imperial Parliament has the theoretical right to legislate for Canada, even in matters respecting which legislative powers have been fully conferred by constitutional acts. Mr. James Bryce has enunciated the principle that the Imperial Parliament cannot divest itself of the power to legislate for the colonies, and may do so, notwithstanding the constitutional acts, creating parliaments in the colonies with very wide legislative powers. Speaking in the House of Commons in support of Mr. Gladstone's first "Home Rule Bill," he said: "There is no principle more universally assented to than the absolute omnipotence of parliament, because there is nothing beyond or behind us. There is one limitation, and one only, upon our omnipotence, and that is, if we pass a statute annihilating our right to legislate, it may be repudiated by our successors." And all writers on constitutional law and

government, from Sir Edward Coke down to the present day, substantially agree in this view of parliamentary omnipotence.

The fundamental principle, the backbone as it were of parliamentary government, is, that the whole legislating and governing powers of the nation have been entrusted to parliament, and can only be exercised by it. There is no reservation by the people of any rights or authority to be exercised only by themselves. There are no constitutional limitations or restrictions, and these remarks apply to the Canadian Parliament as well as to the British Parliament, with this difference—the former has been created by the latter.

The parliamentary system is a representative system, and parliament represents the whole people, and all the legislative and governing powers of the whole people, every day of its existence. Admitting the omnipotence of the Imperial Parliament, its inherent power to change the Canadian Confederation Acts, and its theoretical right to legislate for the Dominion of Canada, yet, practically, it will never exercise the power it possesses; it will never repeal, change or interfere with the Canadian Constitution, or legislate for Canada, except when, and to the extent, requested by the Parliament of Canada; and any unnecessary or unsolicited interference by the Imperial Parliament with the Canadian Constitution, or any unsolicited Imperial legislation affecting Canada, would be regarded as an unjustifiable disregard of the understandings and conventions of the Constitution.

Furthermore, as an abstract proposition, the right of the Imperial Parliament to legislate for the colonies upon matters over which it has granted to the colonies legislative powers, has been disputed. A grant means all that the language expresses. There is no implied reservation. When the Imperial Parliament grants legislative powers to a colony, it parts with part

of its domain, and the intention is, that thereafter the colony shall exercise, to the fullest possible extent, all powers conferred upon it. Such grants cannot be resumed at pleasure, nor can they be justly ignored or disregarded.

Imperial Acts creating Colonial Constitutions are not only to be observed and respected as grants; they are in the nature of *agreements* between the mother country and the colony, and agreements assented to by two parties cannot be violated or disregarded by any one of the parties without the consent of the other. They are solemn compacts, founded upon the highest and strongest considerations, executed after the fullest and freest discussion, and in the most formal and deliberate manner. How can it be contended, with justice, that one of the parties to such a compact can disregard its intention, without the consent of the other? I therefore venture to think that legislation, by the Imperial Parliament, over matters within the legislative and administrative powers conferred upon the Dominion of Canada, or upon the provinces, unsolicited by either, could only be justified on the ground of some urgent Imperial necessity, such as the welfare of the empire, or the preservation of Imperial unity or supremacy.

There is another ground upon which it is claimed the plenary legislative powers granted to Canada are restricted, and by reason of which its legislation, on some matters, may be declared invalid. The Imperial Parliament passed an act, called "The Colonial Laws Act of 1865," containing an express reservation of general legislative powers. Sec. 2 says: "Any colonial law, which is or shall be in any respect repugnant to the provisions of any act of parliament, extending to the colony to which such law may relate, or repugnant to any order or regulation made under authority of such act of parliament, or having in the colony the force and effect of such act, shall

be read, subject to such act or regulation, and shall, to the extent of such repugnancy, but not otherwise, be and remain absolutely void and inoperative."

But upon the principles applicable to the construction of statutes, the British North America Act, being a particular statute relating to the Dominion of Canada, and to the provinces of the Dominion, must necessarily control and over-rule "The Colonial Laws' Act of 1865," or any other general act to which its provisions may be repugnant. Note also that the B.N.A. Act and its amendments are subsequent to the Colonial Laws' Act.

It may therefore be reasonably contended, that, to the extent to which legislative powers have been conferred upon the Dominion and its provinces, the Imperial Parliament has practically denuded itself of power to legislate for them, and that within the limits of the Canadian constitution, the legislation enacted by the Dominion parliament and the provincial legislatures respectively, is supreme and absolute in its authority and operation.

And there is in reality, no veto power in the Governor-General, as Mr. Bryce, Prof. Dicey, and some other writers have erroneously supposed, for although sec. 55 provides that when a bill "is presented to the Governor-General for the Queen's assent, he shall declare, according to his discretion, but subject to the provisions of this act, and to his instructions, either that he assents thereto in the Queen's name, or that he withholds the Queen's assent, or, that he reserves the bill for the signification of the Queen's pleasure;" yet, like other sections of the act already referred to, this one must not be taken literally. The Governor's discretion must be exercised "subject to the provisions of the act," and the provisions of the act must be interpreted according to the conventions, understandings and practical working of the constitution. The

veto has not been exercised for over a century and a half in England, and it has never been exercised by a Governor-General in Canada. (See Bourinot's Parliamentary Practice and Procedure in Canada. Ed. 1892. Veto.) It has become obsolete. Indeed it is contrary to the principles of ministerial government as now well understood. The Governor-General must be advised by his ministers, just as the Queen is advised by her ministers; therefore he cannot veto a measure except on such advice; but the ministry represents the majority in parliament, and is responsible to parliament. No legislation can pass without its sanction, therefore, if the ministry advised the Governor to veto a measure which had passed the Houses of Parliament, this would, in effect, be rejecting a measure which they and the Houses had sanctioned—an absurd supposition. The principle expressed in the maxim: "The King can do no wrong," must mean, if it means anything, that the Sovereign does nothing, except as directed by a ministry responsible to parliament. If the Sovereign could veto legislation he might do wrong, at all events, he would come in conflict with the party in power, that is, with the nation. Hence, in practice at least, there is no veto power in the Governor-General.

There have been some few instances, however, in the Maritime Provinces, (which retain, to some extent, their pre-confederation constitutions), in which Lieutenant-Governors have exercised what was practically a veto on legislation passed by those legislatures, but such personal acts cannot be explained or justified on any principle or theory of responsible parliamentary government. (*Vide* Bourinot, Veto and Disallowance.)

Disallowance takes the place of the Veto.—There is the power of disallowance reserved to the Imperial Government over the legislation of the Canadian parliament.

Sections 55, 56 and 57 provide, in

effect, that, after a bill has been passed by both Houses, the Governor-General may do either of two things:—(1) He may assent to the bill in the Queen's name, when it shall immediately become law, subject to the right of the Imperial Government to disallow it at any time within two years from the time of its passing, when it shall cease to be law, from the time of such disallowance; or, (2) He may withhold his assent and reserve the bill for the approval of the Imperial Government, when it shall not become the law until such approval. In both cases, the bill is forwarded to the Secretary of State for the Colonies. If, however, a reserved bill is not allowed by the Imperial Government, within two years from its passing the Canadian parliament, it never becomes law. All Dominion acts are thus forwarded to an Imperial Secretary of State, so that such as may not be in harmony with the general laws or policy of the empire, may be disallowed.

By section 90 of the act, the Dominion Government is clothed with the same power of disallowance with regard to the legislation passed by the provincial legislatures which is reserved to the Imperial Government, with regard to legislation passed by the parliament of Canada, except that the time within which the disallowance of provincial legislation must be exercised, is limited to one year from the passing of each act; the Lieutenant-Governor performing the same offices with regard to the provincial acts, by assenting to, or reserving them, which are performed by the Governor-General with regard to the acts of the Parliament of Canada, and the Dominion Government allowing or disallowing the Provincial legislation, just as the Imperial Government allows or disallows Dominion legislation.

With the exception of being presided over by the Queen's representative, who merely performs the dignified or honorary functions of government in

the Queen's name, and does not and cannot exercise any real governing power; and with the exception that all treaties and transactions with foreign nations must naturally and necessarily be conducted by or through the British Government—the head of the British Confederacy of nations; and with the further exception that the Imperial Government may disallow Canadian acts of Parliament which conflict with Imperial policy, or which are not in harmony with the constitution of the empire, Canada is practically independent, and possesses and exercises all the powers of self-government, legislative, administrative, executive and judicial, possessed or exercised by any independent Sovereign state.

The Canadian constitution was not modelled upon, nor is it similar in principle to, the constitution of the United States, as Prof. Dicey so persistently asserts. There are some resemblances which will be referred to later.

The preamble of the Canadian Confederation Act states the design to be, to create a federal union of the provinces under one Dominion, with a constitution similar in principle to that of the United Kingdom. And the Canadian constitution is so framed.

This is also the design and intention in regard to the local legislatures and local governments established in each of the provinces.

The important distinction between the Imperial system and the Canadian system is that, except in so far as the whole empire may be, to some extent, regarded as a federation, the federal principle does not belong to the former, but is adopted in the latter. The language used in the act, means that the machinery of parliamentary government established for the Dominion and for each of the provinces, shall operate in the same manner as the parliamentary government of the United Kingdom operates. There is a fusion of the legislative and executive

powers in each parliament. No doubt, one parliament would have been sufficient to have performed the legislative and governmental work of the whole Dominion. By many it was thought such a legislative union would have been preferable. (See confederation debates). But the provincial governments existed before the Dominion Government was created, and the majority were in favor of each of the provinces retaining legislative and executive power to deal with all matters of a local and private nature, granting to the Federal parliament all other legislative powers; and such is the nature and effect of the Canadian constitution.

It differs from the constitution of the United Kingdom in the fact that it has created a Federal Union of provincial legislative divisions, instead of a legislative consolidation of all the parts. The result is that the Dominion of Canada is a Parliamentary Republic, embracing a number of subordinate Provincial Parliamentary Republics, having the legislative powers of each of the Provincial Parliaments limited, circumscribed and defined, and the legislative powers of the Federal Parliament only limited to the extent to which powers of legislation are conferred upon each of the provinces.

In its Federal aspect, the Canadian constitution bears some resemblance to the constitution of the United States; it also resembles the American constitution in that it restricts the powers of legislation and government, both Federal and Provincial, within certain limits; and in the fact that notwithstanding the power of disallowance possessed by the Imperial Government over Dominion legislation, and by the Dominion Government over Provincial legislation, the courts of the provinces, the Supreme Court of the Dominion, and lastly, the Judicial Committee of the Privy Council, must decide on the constitutionality of all acts, both of the Federal

Parliament and the Provincial Legislatures, when their validity is questioned in actions, or a case is submitted.

In other respects the differences are very wide.

The Government of Canada is Cabinet Government, the same as in England. The Government of the United States is Presidential Government.

In Canada the legislative and executive powers are combined, and are performed by the same officials, the same as in England. In the United States, the legislative and executive powers are separated and performed by different sets of officials, the legislative by Congress, and the administrative by the President and his Cabinet.

In Canada, the powers of parliament are supreme and unlimited, the same as in England. In the United States, the legislative and executive powers are circumscribed and limited by written constitutions.

In Canada, all the legislation must be enacted by parliament, the same as in England. In the United States, constitutional legislation, and much other legislation, is enacted by plebiscitary vote; in other words, directly by the votes of the people.

In Canada, the residuum of the legislative and executive powers is in the Federal Government. In the United States, the residuum of legislative and executive powers is in the State governments, or in the people.

In Canada, the Queen's representative has no veto power. In the United States, a real veto power is lodged in the President.

In Canada, the power of disallowance actively exercised by the Dominion Government over Provincial legislation has a tendency to preserve uniformity, to promote unity, and to prevent erratic laws. In the United States, no such power exists. Only unconstitutional legislation can be declared *ultra vires*.

In Canada, the criminal law and

procedure in criminal matters is under the jurisdiction of the Federal Parliament. In the United States, it is divided between the Federal and State Governments and Courts, according as the offence may be a violation of Federal or State law.

In Canada, the constitution can be amended either by the Imperial, Dominion, or Provincial Parliaments. In the United States, the Federal constitution can be amended only by the concurrence of three-fourths of the States, and the State constitution only by the votes of the people.

The Canadian Senate is differently constituted from the American Senate. The Senate in Canada is not a House of Lords, nor is it an hereditary House: it was not created to represent, nor does it represent, the Provinces or Provincial rights. In the United States, the happy idea was hit upon of constituting a second chamber, by empowering each of the State corporations to choose an equal number of persons to represent them. Thus, says Mr. Bryce in his "American Commonwealth," the United States Senate was created, and it represents State rights.

In England, the House of Lords and the Sovereign represent the imposing and dignified parts of the constitution (says Bagehot in his "English Constitution,") and, in a certain sense, the House of Lords represents the traditions, the chivalry, the experience of the nation. But the fathers of Confederation adopted a different plan: they evidently intended that the Senate should be composed of experienced representative men, selected from the different provinces, who would become judicial, and free from party prejudice in their habits of thought, and in their treatment of questions. In practice, it must be admitted that this ideal has scarcely been realized. Senators are appointed by the Premier to meet party exigencies. He must preserve the strength of his government and party, and when a party has been

long in power, the Senate becomes wholly of the political complexion of that party. A Senate so constituted may have the wisdom, but cannot have the prestige, of the House of Lords. In England, a deadlock may be overcome on very important occasions by the creation of new peers. In the United States, the political complexion of the Senate is continually undergoing change, by the constantly recurring elections, and deadlocks are overcome by elections, or not at all. But in Canada, neither of these methods is available, the Canadian Senators being appointed for life, and their number being limited by the Confederation Act. But deadlocks are as often blessings as otherwise, and this defect in the Canadian system, if it can be called a defect, is not likely ever to be serious.

There are some strong considerations in favor of the Canadian method of constituting an Upper House, as contrasted with the constitution of the English House of Lords, or with that of the American Senate.

The members of the House of Lords represent classes, families and vested interests. The Canadian Senators do not.

Many members of the House of Lords are young, or inexperienced, and influenced by the prejudices and preferences of the respective classes to which they belong. The Canadian Senators have all, by some means, won their way to the Senate, and hence they are all necessarily men of some experience, character and standing.

The American Senators are chosen for limited periods, and they expect to be re-elected. They, therefore, retain their party connection, and are influenced by it. The Canadian Senators being appointed for life, their party connection should cease with their appointment. They have nothing more to gain or expect from parties, hence they are more likely to become non-partisan and judicial in their treatment of legislation than American

Senators, and they are not influenced by class feelings or prejudices, as the members of the House of Lords are liable to be. The Canadian Senate, thus constituted, and possessing similar powers to those possessed by the British House of Lords, should exercise a salutary influence and check upon legislation.

Upon the whole, I think the Canadian constitution, by introducing the Federal principle, thus giving local self-government to each of the provinces, is more suitable to a nation composed of different races, and extending over a wide area, than a legislative union would be; and by adopting the Parliamentary system, combining the legislative and executive functions in a Cabinet, the Government escapes the paralysis caused by conflicting departments, and its action

is more direct and vigorous than in systems where the legislative and executive powers are separated and jealously kept distinct from each other. For example, if a tariff bill had been amended by the Canadian Senate as the Wilson bill was by the U. S. Senate, the Premier, instead of accepting the amendments, could have dissolved the House, and appealed to the country, thus submitting the questions in difference to the arbitrament of the electorate. Such a course cannot be resorted to under the American Constitution; all parties remain in office for the stated periods for which they were elected; there is no fear of dissolution before their eyes. I mention this as a striking illustration of one of the principal differences between Cabinet Government and Presidential Government.



AT MINAS BASIN.

About the buried feet of Blomidon,
 Red-breasted sphinx with crown of grey and green,
 Swirl the tides of Minas, their crescent queen
 On high, fleet-oared by galleys of the sun.
 The tidal breeze blows its divinest gale!
 The blue air winks with life like beaded wine!
 Storied of Glooscap, of Evangeline—
 Each to the setting sun this sea did sail.
 Opulent day outpours its living gold,
 Till all the west is belt with crimson bars,
 Then darkness lights its silver moon and stars,—
 The festal beauty of the world new-old.
 Facing the dawn, in vigil that ne'er sleeps,
 The sphinx her secret of the Basin keeps.

CECIL RHODES AND SOUTH AFRICA.

BY J. CASTELL HOPKINS.

BUT few men are born to wield supreme power and exercise unlimited influence in controlling the affairs or moulding the destinies of what is, or will be, a great people. Yet, for the first time in South African history, a British war has been carried on successfully and finished victoriously without Imperial aid or practical interference. For the first time, a strong man appears in control of the complicated interests and difficult problems of the South African States, and demands the right to guide their affairs without the friendly but often mistaken dictation of the Colonial Office; and the Hon. Cecil J. Rhodes has been practically accorded the power to carry out his policy in his own way.

The result has proved a remarkable tribute to a great personality. Mr. W. T. Stead, who is a keen though erratic observer, has described the Cape Premier as having only two English superiors in the art of governing. The one is Mr. Gladstone, the other Lord Salisbury. Possessed of a determined concentration of purpose and devotion to the end he has in view, with an absolute indifference to public sentiment, or to that fear of public opinion which weaker and lesser men feel so intensely; characterized by a complete faith in himself and his projects, and by an utter absence of hesitation or doubt at those critical moments when decision is the supreme factor of fate; Mr. Rhodes is undoubtedly a great man. He has been described as having the face of Cæsar, the ambition of a Loyola, and the wealth of a Croesus. He is at this moment President of the South African Company, which controls the destinies of millions of human beings,

and he has annexed great territories to the British Empire. He is Prime Minister of Cape Colony, and head of a company which manipulates the greatest diamond mines in the world. And withal, he is only forty years of age, in the prime of manhood and vigor, and possessed of a reputation which is Imperial in extent and is daily growing.

The recent Matabele war was only an incident in such a career. But it is none the less destined to be one of the most important landmarks in South African history. It marks the end of that prolonged period of well-intended but ill-directed interference which has brought the name of the British Colonial Office into oft-times merited contempt. The situation, however, has always been a difficult one. Practically the control of the native races, under many different stages and forms of government, rested in the hands of the High Commissioner for South Africa, under the direction of the Colonial Department in London. But the same official was also Governor of Cape Colony, and compelled by its constitution to follow the advice of his ministers. As their views of the treatment policy to be pursued towards the native races, by whom the colony is in the main surrounded, often differed diametrically from those of the High Commissioner and the Home Government, it is easy to see how complications constantly arose. Now that the native races come so largely within the sphere of the great Chartered Company, whose interests are, of course, identical with those of the Premier of the Cape, it is evident that the situation has been greatly simplified. There is, however, no doubt that in obedience to the agi-

tation of men like Henry Labouchere, who do not scruple to call the company "a gang of adventurers and filibusterers," an attempt at interference was made from London during the Matabele war, and Sir Henry Loch, the High Commissioner, instructed to assert his old-time supremacy in native affairs. The result in dealing with a man so mentally strong as Cecil Rhodes might have been expected, and is seen in the fact that he has since carried on and finished the war in his own way, and with the Company's troops, aided only by Cape Volunteers. Genuine English opinion in this connection may be summed up in the words of the *Times*, October 25th, 1893:—

"The company is regarded here in its true light as the pioneer of Empire, and its task is one which must not be impeded by unnecessary restrictions. At the Cape and in Mashonaland, there are very large interests, which come more closely home to men's bosoms than the most vivid sense of Imperial needs. Men have staked their prospects, their capital and their lives upon the successful prosecution of the great enterprise of reclaiming Southern Africa. This war is waged by the very men whose interests are at stake, and whose knowledge is immediate and living."

To those who know something of the country in question, this expression of popular opinion—this evidence of a disinclination to interfere with the policy of Mr. Rhodes,—was a distinct victory for home rule and for colonial freedom to expand in a way suited to local requirements and in accordance with local ambitions. It was a great personal triumph for Cecil Rhodes, but it was more than that. It meant that neither Liberal nor Conservative Governments in Great Britain will interfere with future colonial expansion in South Africa, and that before many years are passed Rhodes will probably have used this privilege of a free hand by uniting more or less closely all the countries of South Africa from the Cape to the Zambesi.

The central figure in the drama of war and peace which has lately passed before the eyes of the world; the central power in this coming process of development, is a remarkably interesting character as well as what may fairly be called a great man. What the statesmen who moulded the American constitution tried to do for the United States; what Sir John Macdonald achieved for Canada; what Cavour did for Italy, or Bismarck for Germany, Rhodes is doing for South Africa. Much of his greatness is a future, rather than present quality, but if Emerson's definition be correct, the Cape Premier may well be included within the sacred portals of that sphere which so many strive in vain to enter. The Sage of Concord counts him a great man who inhabits a higher sphere of thought into which other men rise with labor and difficulty. He is one who has but to open his eyes to see things in a true light and in large relations. And Cecil Rhodes is nothing if not large in ambition, quick in thought, and apt in the seizure of opportunities. The Duke of Abercorn, who is the London Chairman of the South African Company, says that Mr. Rhodes has annexed to the Empire territories larger than Central Europe, including all Mashonaland—which is as large as Spain—Bechuanaland, Manicaland, and North Zambesia, and much more which hardly possesses a name. The region, as a whole, is one where white men can work profitably and pleasantly. Out of part of these territories he practically kicked the Portuguese—much to the comfort of the unfortunate natives—and everywhere he is running telegraph lines and establishing peace and order. Two railways are being built, one to the coast, and the other to connect with the Cape Colony system, while a telegraph line is projected to Uganda, and thence through the Mahdi's territory and the Soudan to Egypt. The Mahdi will not be conquered by force,

but will be made subservient to Mr. Rhodes's ambitious schemes, through the potent action of gold, and by means of a yearly subsidy. Thus, the British possessions in South Africa, in Central Africa, and the great Protectorate upon the banks of the Nile, will be connected by wire, and ultimately, he hopes, by rail. Gordon will be avenged, and peaceful commerce take the place of war and slavery throughout the greater part of the Dark Continent. The scheme is a great one, but who will say that it may not be accomplished. There never was an age when energy and genius could find so great a scope as in the present, and Africa certainly provides the widest of all spheres for the exercise of these qualities.

But in this creation of a new Indian Empire on African soil, there are many preliminary steps. The first has been taken, and the defeat and death of Lobengula means that the control of the native races of South Africa is to be practically in the hands of the chartered company.

The company, so long as Mr. Rhodes is Premier of the Cape, will work in harmony with that colony, whilst the recent gift of Constitutional Government to Natal, enables that next door neighbor to stand upon a level with the Cape in the consolidation of their mutual interests.

For the present, the Dutch influence, which is very great in Cape Colony, and is controlled by Hon. J. H. Hofmeyr, a delegate to the recent International Conference at Ottawa, is not manifesting any hostility to the Premier, who has also been successful in keeping the Transvaal Boers well in hand. Two years ago, the latter threatened to "trek," or march, an organized, armed settlement into Mafeking, and establish there another Dutch Republic, but the combined and determined action of Sir Henry Loch and Mr. Rhodes prevented this most dangerous move. The character of the latter had already made itself felt

in the councils of President Kruger. That he was able to take a strong stand in this matter without antagonizing Dutch support at the Cape shows what a remarkable man Cecil Rhodes really is.

His policy, in a general sense, has been described. But, his local South African policy finds fuller expression in the following extracts from a speech delivered at Kimberley immediately after his return from England in 1891. The Premier was dining with the leaders of the Afrikaner Bond—the great Dutch organization of the colony, so that his language is doubly significant:—

"A change must in time occur from the Chartered system of Government (in the territories on the Zambesi) to the Imperial system of Self-Government, and from Self-Government to a system of union with Cape Colony. I think that we shall gradually go from the Cape to the Zambesi. * * * It is not for us to interfere with the independence of States that are neighboring to us. It is for us to obtain customs relations, railway communication, and free trade in products with them, but never to interfere with their independence. But it is for us, who have the power and means, to take the balance of the map and say, that shall become part of our system. * * * If you desire the cordial and intense co-operation of the English section of this country, let us unite and be of one mind on this question of self-government. We believe that with your help it is possible to obtain union fulfilling in every respect your ideas of self-government, and yet you are not asking us to forfeit our loyalty and feeling of devotion to the Mother-Country."

This remarkable and comprehensive speech, coming from a man who is at once an irresponsible head of an autocratic company, and the responsible Premier of a free colony, shows clearly his ambition and policy. It will take time to accomplish. No one knows that better than the manipulator of diamond mines who took more than a decade to amalgamate them under one controlling power, but who found himself at the end of that period many times a millionaire. With equal skill he has drawn together the apparently divergent interests of the

company and the Cape. The former supports him as a matter of course, because he is the head and inspiration of the whole colossal enterprise. The colony supports him, because it appreciates his distinct and avowed aim of making Cape Town the centre and capital of the whole of South Africa. Skilful diplomacy has made the Orange Free State and the Transvaal respect his influence, and aid his schemes in the direction of commerce and transportation. A strong popular belief in his loyalty and imperial spirit has produced in England that confidence in his policy and intentions which is shown in the recent willingness to give him full liberty of action.

A word as to the personality of the man. The Hon. Cecil John Rhodes was born on July 5th, 1853, at Bishop Stortford, England. As the son of a clergyman, he naturally received a good education and finally went to Oriel College, but he left before finishing his course, in order to accompany a delicate brother to the Cape. There he devoted himself to supplying the diamond mines with water. In this, and by jobbing in claims, he made considerable money, and then turned his attention to amalgamating the mines. Ultimately, successful, the "great amalgamator" entered the local Parliament, and four years ago became Premier of Cape Colony. Not long afterwards, he was instrumental in organizing the British South African Company, and became its President. In Cape politics one of his recent acts has been the presentation of a site valued at \$80,000 to found at Cape Town a university, which he hopes will attract the youth from all the States of South Africa, and become a vital unifying force in its history. For some time he was chiefly known in English political circles as the man from South Africa, who gave Mr. Parnell £10,000 to forward Home Rule. For a while, and until the character of Mr. Rhodes became better understood, the gift was the subject of

some misapprehension. Cecil Rhodes was, and is, an ardent Home Ruler, but he is an equally enthusiastic Imperialist. He believed self-government as necessary for Ireland as for South Africa, but he also believed that the absence of Irish representatives from the Imperial Parliament meant separation. He wrote Parnell upon this point, and on being assured that the Irish leader would not consent to the exclusion which was then being suggested, he forwarded him a cheque for the large amount mentioned. The result of Home Rule, he thinks, will be a Federation of the whole Empire. And to this end Mr. Rhodes supported warmly, when in England last year, the commercial union of British countries upon a basis of preferential duties against foreign powers. Since then he has sent delegates all the way to Ottawa to discuss the question of closer colonial relations. Curiously enough, Mr. Rhodes was a great admirer and personal friend of General Gordon, and only the accident of his having just assumed the post of Treasurer at the Cape prevented him from joining his friend in the fatal mission to Khartoum. General Gordon, who had met the South African statesman when in Basutaland, cabled him an invitation to go to the Soudan. If the clear perception of Cecil Rhodes had been united with the patriotic purpose and Christian fortitude of Gordon in that famous mission, who can say but that its disastrous end might have been averted. On the other hand, however, it is probable that all the ability in the world could not have surmounted the obstacles raised by the vacillation of the Home Government during that shameful period. Upon the refusal, therefore, of Mr. Rhodes depended to all appearances the future of South Africa, and perhaps of more than even that geographical expression will cover.

To return, however, to the present period. Mashonaland, the country which the Matabele Impis regarded as

the legitimate field for marauding operations, for wholesale massacres, and pleasant slave-hunts, is thoroughly known to Mr. Rhodes. Two years ago, he travelled over the greater part of it accompanied by only a small escort and met with various stirring adventures, besides discovering that the territory in question was a veritable Land of Ophir, rich in gold and other minerals, teeming with animal life, possessed of an extremely fertile soil and magnificent grazing lands. From Beira, on the coast, Mr. Rhodes and his party sailed up the Pungwe River for seventy miles to Mapandas, then struck across the fever belt, where the temperature ran up to 130° in the sun, to the higher lands, where both country and climate improved immensely. One section of country, about forty miles of which they crossed, is described by Mr. D. C. De Waal, M.L.A., who accompanied the party, as a huge zoological garden. Wild animals simply swarmed on every side, and at night the place appeared fairly alive with lions, one of which, by the way, nearly ended the career of the Cape Premier. At a place called Untali, a piece of territory was traversed which the visitor could only describe adequately by terming it "the Garden of Eden." For a hundred and seventy miles they passed through a land of hill and dale and woody knolls, a country of natural fertility and wonderful beauty, with scenery resembling somewhat, it is said, that between Rome and Naples. And so to Fort Salisbury, Fort Victoria, and thence to the Land of Lobengula.

Mashonaland seems, therefore, to be a country of varied resources and considerable climatic differences, but upon the whole, reports which are as reliable as the nature of things permit, indicate it to be one of the richest territories opened up to civilization and settlement in recent years. It is certainly well worth the effort which has been made by Mr Rhodes and the Chartered Company to free it from the curse of Matebele raids and to open it up to white colonization.

South Africa is now at the tide which reaches nations and countries, as well as individuals. Taking it at the flood, as seems likely to be the case, Cecil Rhodes will probably lead it on to fortune and find himself the founder of what in days to come will be a great African Empire. He is strong, self-reliant and resourceful, and it will not be his fault if the self-governing colonies of the Cape and Natal, the Orange Free State, which has always been friendly to the British, the Transvaal, which is now partly settled with Englishmen, Zululand, which is practically British, and all the territories and countries up to the Zambesi, which the collapse of Lobengula bring within the sphere of British protection or Company control, do not in time become parts of a united South Africa. In the interest of peace and progress, the unity and power of the British Empire, the welfare of the great State which is thus being slowly evolved, it may be hoped that the ambitious, noble, and far-reaching schemes of the Napoleon of South African politics may be ultimately achieved.



AHMET.

And still the mighty river drifted on,
Under the shadowed night and moving mists,
And towered the iron mountains, dark and stern,
Under the arctic whiteness of the north.
And out of the far horizon's sullen edge
The night-winds stirred amid the lonely dead,—
Stark, moveless, gazing upward at the skies,
Where silent and cold the unanswering stars looked down.

And Ahmet raised him from the battle-field,
Where stunned he lay beneath a Tartar horse
Huge, stiff and dead, transfix'd by a spear ;
And left the awful plateau of the dead,
And stood upon the high-raised river bank,
Beneath the white stars of the wintry heaven ;
And moved himself, and beat the life-blood back
Into the death-like torpor of his veins :
And looked abroad, where all the night lay still
And dim with murk far over that lone waste.
Leagues to the north, under the mighty Bear,
Folded in fog, a fleeting silver dream,
The river moved and sang into the dark,
Under the frosty splendor of the stars.

And Ahmet stood and gazed into the night,
And lifted his face up to those watchful lights
That looked from out their lonely homes on him
And saw the Pleiades, a tangled mist
Of moveless jewels in the sky's blue deep,
Or pale grape-cluster in some great god's hand

And felt the old religion of his race,—
A nomad people on the northern steppes,
Who wandered from place to place tracking their gods —
The stern, white wanderers of the trackless heaven —
Beat in the stirring pulses of his blood.
And Ahmet prayed in his heart's agony,
Unto the fathers of his race, the gods,
For his own people in their distant home,
And for himself on this lone, desolate waste,
And the great dead, who battling through that day,
Went to the gods from off their foeman's spears.
Then rang his song of triumph to the night,
Of those his blade loosed to the land of death,
Threading the carnage on that awful field ;
Then ceased, nor ever echo answered there,
Save the far moaning of some mountain beast
Haunting the jungle by some night-ward shore.
And never a sound came over that lone waste,
Where the far mountains raised their iron heads,
And the great river sang its sleep below.

Then strode he past the pallor of the night,
Like some huge shadow 'mid the shadows there,
Unto the unwaked slumber of that plain ;
And moved amid the hushed and sombre dead,
Awful and stern in their last, silent sleep,
With clotted blood congealed on shield and helm,
And stony faces staring at the stars,
Great blade or spear still clasped in each dead hand ;
And came to where the young boy-chieftain lay,
The last grim prince of his rude southern race,
With whom he rode to battle yester morn,
Now stark and motionless beneath the stars,
With his life's foeman silent, face to face !

And Ahmet lifted up his sombre face
To the white heaven and the stars, his gods,
And moaned, " O, awful rulers of my race,
Looking from out the mighty deeps on me,
Ye who on radiant thrones of splendid light,
From out your far halls gaze upon this earth ;
And know, perchance, her motions through the deep,
Her changes and her seasons, and perchance
The strange, weird agony and joy of man,
Who rises from her breast, as some dim mist,
Then sinks forever on her meres again :
Know ye that unto me this night is given
The woeful part to answer for the dead
Unto you gods, who rule the afterworld.
My part it is to bury this great King,
The mighty son of a once mighty race.
Now 'tis for me to hollow his last bed,
And lay the holy earth upon his face,
His breast and limbs, and shut him from the light,
So that ye gods, in looking from your thrones,
May see no part of what is shape of him,
And curse him, banished from your halls forever.

" Yea, more, in keeping with that ancient law,
Stern and relentless, given to my race,
And handed down the generations long,
And kept by us with solemn reverence,
I must this night find seven of our race,
Who went out here upon this battle-field,
And lay their shapes of them with decent care,
Stark, side by side, in this young prince's grave,
Ere the white god of dawning pales yon east ;
Or else this prince, beloved, noble, brave,
Who hath gone out in his old foe's embrace,
Must ever, doomed, wander the trackless way,
Shut out from all the homes of your white splendor
And searching forever,—like some lonesome wind
Beating about the hollow halls of night."

Then wresting a blade from some grim foeman's hand,
Strode once more outward to the river's bank,
Where the great waters moved beneath the mist ;
And never a night-bird called from bank to bank,

But the cold river mists encircled him,
 And there he toiled with quick, despairing will,
 And made an opening in the wind-swept sands,
 Red, desert-blown adown the centuries.
 The solemn night-winds crept about his toil,
 Loosening the mists along the lonesome shores.
 And now a slinking jackal wandered past,
 Then stole to some far shadow of the field
 To his weird feast upon the unburied dead.

Then with stern face, across the lonely field,
 Like some great hero of the olden days
 Working by night some splendid titan deed ;
 Or, as the shadow of some olden god,
 Paying by night the last, sad, hallowed rites
 Over the form of some great chieftain slain ;
 With reverent duty to the spirit fled,
 Bare he the dead young king with awful toil,
 Unto the grave that he had hollowed there,
 With six men more, and laid them in that grave,
 With faces fixed, limbs rigidly composed,
 And mute, dull eyes, dumb staring at the stars.
 Then went again with agonizing tread,
 As a young lioness might hunt her cub
 In some great slaughter of huge jungle beasts,
 And circle dumb, yet never find him there ;
 So, he in vain, amid the silent dead,
 Searching the heaps, went through the haunted dark,
 Praying the gods in his great, dread despair.
 Then, sorrowing, back, came to the high-raised bank,
 And saw the lonely river and the night,
 The iron mountains, and those dead men there !

And now it seemed to Ahmet standing by,
 That out of the sombre shadow of that pit,
 Those silent faces pleaded with him there.
 And well he knew that somewhere off afar
 In outer space, this side Valhalla's gates,
 These seven souls awaited heaven's doom.
 With that a bitter sorrow filled his soul
 For those, his warrior-comrades lying dead,
 And that young prince whom he had loved so well :
 That they should never see Valhalla's doors
 Wide-open to the welcome din within,
 Of mighty warriors at eternal feasts,
 And glorious songs of titan battle-joy,
 Of lofty heroes, told unto the gods.
 "Nor could I enter there myself," he dreamed,
 "And know their joy, if that I die not here.
 And did I now wend backward to my home,
 And live mine after days in earthly peace,
 And turn mine aged face upward by my hearth,
 Surrounded by my loved, in days to come :
 Could I a warrior, to the Warrior-gods
 Go in, nor answer for those dead ones there,
 And meet their hero faces without shame,
 And know these poor ones wandering in the dark,
 Despairing ever through the endless years."

Whereat he rose and looked up to the stars,
 And spake : "O Mighty Ones, it is well seen
 That I must see mine olden home no more,
 But I must end me here on this dread plain,
 Loosening my soul, even that these poor men
 May know the golden glory of the gods ;
 Returning never to the ones I love."
 Whereat a great sob rent his anguished frame,
 And all his face, across the shadowed light,
 Showed with an awful woe, for he was young,
 Scarce yet a man, and this his first of battles,
 Where he had come in his fierce warrior-joy,
 For that glad love wherewith he loved the king.
 And far at home his aged father sat,
 And his old mother, mourning for their son ;
 And in the dark he saw his betrothed's eyes
 Soften to tears, at memory of his name.
 Whereat deep anguish smote his strong, young breast,
 And looking to the sky, cried out : "O, Gods !
 Is there no way ? A sign ! great Gods, a sign !"
 Whereat a splendid meteor blazed and fell
 Across the silent wonder of the night,
 Girding the horizon to the iron hills.

And then a thrill of greatness shook him there,
 For now he knew for certain he must die.
 And looking on the dead face of the prince,
 He spake : "O noble soul and brave and true !
 Great heart that never fled from human face,
 Nor yet would go back from some wondrous doom,
 Such as is laid on thy loved comrade here !
 That such dread woes are fallen from the gods
 'Tis not for souls like mine to question why.
 But I will follow whitherso'er thou goest,
 Thunder thy shadow-steed o'er trackless heaven,
 Or to the brin'k of floorless night and hell.
 Yet comrade, friend, forgive thine Ahmet here,
 If he finds woman's grief for what he leaves.
 Like thee, I never more will see my home,
 My boyhood's country in its golden prime :—
 The happy hearths and plains we loved of yore.
 No more must see the parents of my youth,
 Nor guard their age, nor close their sightless eyes,
 Nor know the joys of husband or of sire,
 Of children's prattle, glad about the knees,
 The loved home comforts, and the wintry fire,
 And all the glories of this splendid world.
 All these must I forego, nor know old age,
 And the last peace at golden life's decline,
 Because of some weird doom that hath been mine
 Given of old, from out the mighty gods."
 Then ceased, and, with soft hands of loving care,
 Took earth and laid it on the dead young king :—
 Upon his face and his still, rigid limbs ;
 And said ; "I now commend thee to the gods."
 Likewise, in turn, he did unto the others,
 As was the ancient custom of his race.

Then Ahmet rose and stood in his own grave,
 And bearing in his hand the naked blade,
 Spake: "Now am I resolved with conquering hand
 To cleave this murky curtain of my flesh,
 And hew a doorway past these walls of life
 Unto the outer splendor of the gods.
 And ye, white watchers of the wheeling world;
 O, ancient makers of my doom, Behold!
 O, lonesome desert, wintry to the south,
 O, luminous stream and desolate iron hills;
 Your glory will fall on Ahmet's eye no more!
 And thou, my love, whose holy love was mine,
 Snatched by the fates from my too-passionate grasp,
 Thou wilt know sorrow when thine Ahmet's gone.
 Yea, thou wilt sit across the wintry years,
 Turning thy wheel by morn or sunset door
 Brooding upon a face that comes no more!
 And ye my parents! One will hobbling go,
 Past the familiar haunts and quarrel with death
 Who claimed the wrong one first. The other, she,
 Will croon, with grief-filled face, the fire beside,
 Peopling in vain the home with olden dreams,
 And all the joyous sounds that should have been.
 Farewell, O glorious stars, and sun and moon,
 Now I go out upon this journey dread,
 I hear my charger, slain this early morn,
 Neighing beyond the gates of outer dark,
 Watching for the master who should come."
 Then lifting up his strong face to the skies,
 Took one last look on all the wheeling worlds,
 And with glad challenge to the foeman dark,
 Struck home the thirsting blade to his proud heart,
 And with one mighty shout there backward fell!

Then there was heard a thunder of shadowy hoofs
 That out of the deep wells of the night swept past;
 And as they went a riderless steed there neighed
 Joyously, to him who leaped to saddle,
 With splendid mien of conqueror just returned
 From some far titan battle of the gods;
 Then all swept up the steep, sheer depths of heaven,
 Thundering up the glorious slopes of blue,
 Striking fire-hoofs upon the flinty air,
 Onward to the ramparts of the skies,
 Where some day through long ages they will scale,
 And clang the golden gates and enter in

But still the mighty river drifted on,
 Beyond the night to meet the coming day;
 Beyond the iron mountains and the dark.
 And out of the wintry radiance of the stars
 There grew a beauty of the lonely night,
 That clothed those mighty dead, and came and fell,
 Like on some peak that fronts the far-off dawn,
 On Ahmet's face, a silent majesty.

WITH THE PRAIRIE CHICKEN IN MANITOBA.

BY R. S. MASSON.

"BANG! Bang! Bang! Chickens galore!" I was in a veritable sportsman's paradise. Chuckling inwardly, a feeling of self-satisfaction crept over me, as I thought of the "glorious bag" I would return to the city with; when the banging of several doors in some distant part of the house awakened me with a start. I had been in dreamland. A long day's work in court had paved the way for an after-dinner nap in my easy chair. Tomorrow, office, Court House, clients and easy chair would all be left behind. Dogs and gun were to be my companions for the next two weeks, and the anticipation of pleasure in store did not leave me even in moments of slumber. It has ever been my opinion that much of our pleasure is derived from the faculties of anticipation and reflection; in looking forward to some new "outing," or in conning over in our mind's eye some past events, the dark side of the picture is usually omitted. The Real, seldom, if ever, equals the Ideal.

Accounts of preparations are, as a rule, boring. Suffice it to say that Monday night saw us all comfortably installed in my little hunting shack in Southern Manitoba. "Us all" includes the "Doc," my two dogs, "Grouse" and "Meeme," and, naturally, myself. "Billy," a native pony, is not in it, as he has to be contented with a pair of hobbles and such freedom as he can find with these upon the adjoining prairie. Billy is a jewel, in his own way, and I sometimes fancy almost glories in the smell of gunpowder and the crack of a gun. Driving over the prairies, he will stop at once if a chicken rises from the grass near him, and many a fine bird have I dropped from my seat in the buck-

board. The "Doc" and I, ever since our college days have continued inseparable chums. There is only one thing he did for which I never could wholly forgive him, and that was choosing medicine instead of law.

Of my dogs, a splendid pair of English setters, I'll say nothing. Once on that theme, the boys say, there is no stopping me. I love my dogs better than I do myself.

The two weeks at the "shack" passed away all too soon. When the "whirr" of the chickens, as they rose from the grass, ceased to startle us, and right and left seldom failed to drop their birds, a drive of four or five miles would take us into a land where geese, ducks and sand-hill cranes afforded all the sport desired, and gave Grouse and Meeme a well-earned rest.

A glorious two weeks. 'Twould be difficult, indeed, to single out any one day and say that on it the sport was best.

And here, while I am trying to recall to memory some of the most interesting incidents of our little holiday, let us imagine we are all gathered around a cosy grate fire in our easy chairs, listening to the oracle while he tells us of some of the habits of the bird we have been hunting, and especially those which have come directly under his own observation.

To a man who loves his dogs and gun, what is more to be desired than a day with the prairie chicken? A most wary bird, indeed, it is. In the fall of the year, early in the morning, you can count upon finding chickens perched upon the top of any of the numerous stacks of golden grain. Approach these stacks then, if you can, without disturbing the birds. The

winking of an eye is almost sufficient to make them take to flight. The loiterer, lazy, or curious bird,—and there is invariably one in each flock,—is the only one at which you will obtain a shot just now. Watch the flock closely and mark where they light. A short flight and they will settle in the long grass, or among the clumps of bushes scattered here and there over the prairie. Then look well to your gun and have your cartridges handy; the sport is about to commence. The bright barrels will likely be warm before you finish with this flock. Do not hurry, for the bird is nearer than you think, and too much haste is apt to cause a miss. There is plenty of time; make certain that your aim is true. Pull the trigger and the shot will do the rest. Never move without reloading. One step may cause another bird to rise, when both barrels may be needed.

Bravo! Five out of this covey and one wing tipped, marked down by yonder clump of bushes! Search carefully for it, and see that the dogs find; 'tis a shame to leave a wounded bird to the mercy of the hawks or foxes. One afternoon I chased a chicken with broken wing for fully fifteen minutes round and round a large clump of willow bushes. The willows grew so closely together that it was almost impossible to kill by shooting through them. Besides, I enjoyed witnessing the sagacity of the wounded bird. It could run around that bush just fast enough to keep out of my reach. If I turned to go the other way in order to head it off, the quarry would turn too. Drive it away from the willows, out into the open ground, I could not. It was a case of "catch me if you can." At last, tired of the running, and concluding that the bird would not give in, I circled out some distance from the bush, and with a shot put an end to the game.

In the winter time, a deep snow bank makes a splendid nest or shelter for the feathered beauties. Light-

ing on the surface of the soft snow, their weight and a little scratching soon make a deep hole in the "Beautiful," and to this they will return night after night. In one small field I have seen dozens of these holes, all from twelve to fifteen inches in depth, and showing plentiful signs of being the home of the chickens. Now is the time for the coyote and fox; and numbers of fine birds, seized in this snug retreat, go to replenish the larder of the prowlers.

Another thing I have noticed about the prairie chicken is, that, although after the season opens they quickly become very wary, and take to flight on the slightest provocation, yet with the close season again, they just as quickly become reconciled to the sight of man, and it is no uncommon thing during the winter months to see these stately birds strutting around the barnyard with the domestic fowls, and hardly moving out of the way at the farmer's approach.

During the hatching season, if any one approaches too near these interesting birds, I have known the old ones to resort to all kinds of cunning devices to lead off the interloper. They will fly off a few feet, and, lighting, run along the ground, trailing one wing, as if broken, even falling over at times, as if completely exhausted. When they have fooled you away to a safe distance, the antics are suddenly abandoned, and your apparently wounded bird, no doubt smiling inwardly at your gullibility, flies away, leaving you staring in astonishment.

The oracle pauses. The imaginary fire has gone out, and the easy chairs have vanished. It is my turn now.

A cool, bright morning, with the dewy drops lying thick upon the long, tough grass. An involuntary shiver runs through the Doc's frame, as we emerge into the open air, and a wish, though unuttered, arises within me that he may not notice my chattering teeth. Even the dogs at first

step high as they walk through the cold, wet grass.

A sharp walk soon sends the warm blood coursing through our veins, and before the chicken grounds are reached we are revelling in the beauty of the morning, and making good resolutions to rise with the sun, even after our return to the city. For, see! A rim of fire is swiftly rising in the east. The clouds above us are now decked in brilliant hues, as if to welcome the King of Day. The tree tops, too, they also are singing forth his praises, and now the glorious orb bursts upon us in all its brilliancy.

Our dream is finished, and with a start we look around for the dogs. They have disappeared. Ah! There comes Meeme, swinging full tilt around the bush ahead of us. Look! What is the meaning of that sudden stop? That transformation from a racing dog to a marble statue?

"She must be right on top of the birds," I whisper, as we hurry up.

"Steady, girl! Steady!" With a whirr and a whiz, seven large birds rise together from the grass, almost under our feet. By some fluke I pull both triggers at once, without putting the gun to my shoulder. Needless to say, not even a feather falls to the ground. What a withering look the good old dog seems to bestow upon me. In sheer desperation, and very much out of humor with myself, I crowd in two more cartridges, and with a well-directed right, manage to drop the last of the flock, as the others disappear over the top of the bush.

Only now I turn to look at the Doc; and as I gaze am consoled for my misses. He had neglected to load when we started out, and in the hurry of the moment had endeavored to slip in a tight cartridge instead of dropping it and trying another. There the poor fellow stood, a picture of misery, gazing at the flying birds. Truly we were excited that first stand on our first morning out.

But birds are plenty, and we are soon in the midst of them again. I notice that even the dogs are getting excited, and not as steady as they should be.

In little more than an hour I find my shooting coat too heavy for comfort, and am ready to return to the shanty for breakfast.

A whistle brings the dogs to heel, and the Doc and I compare notes. Sixteen birds in his coat, and fourteen in mine!—Not a bad morning's bag! And it is not over yet. That black streak in the sky, seemingly coming towards yonder stubble field—what is it? And, as if in response to my question, the "honc, honc, honc" from a flock of geese is borne to my ears. The same impulse seems to move both of us, for we are already down behind a neighboring bush, imitating the call of the geese to the best of our ability, and at the same time I change the cartridges from my gun, and put in others loaded with heavier shot.

Almost before the change is effected, I can hear the beat of their wings, and the flock is nearly over my head. Selecting what seems to be the easiest shot, I fire my left barrel, and before the report is ended let the right go at another. One bird tumbles all in a heap, while the other takes a graceful sweep and comes down two or three hundred yards away. And there is a third bird from the Doc's gun. What a disturbance has been created in the unsuspecting flock! They have wheeled about, and come flying back carefully and slowly, until directly above the wounded goose, calling loudly all the while, full of wonder at the strange antics of their fallen companions. Curiosity satisfied and sympathy expressed, they all wheel again and are off at full speed.

Thirty chickens and three geese before breakfast! What luck! Surely this is a realization of my dream.

Winnipeg.

IRRIGATION IN THE ARID REGIONS OF AMERICA.

BY HARRY S. INGLIS.

To a person coming from any country where the rainfall is usually regular and sufficient for all or nearly all agricultural purposes, there is no feature in the material development and prosperity of the states forming the arid, or semi-arid, region of America more striking, or indeed more interesting, than that of irrigation. Irrigation is indeed the very life-blood of the country. One hears of irrigation before going west, but there is usually little conception of the necessity for such a system, of its manifold and great advantages, or of the magnitude of the works necessary for its efficiency. It is almost impossible for the eastern farmer, who looks to the former and latter rain to fall upon the earth and bring forth the fruits thereof, to realize the situation. In his part of the world, if the rain does not fall and the crops suffer, and he is religiously inclined, he devoutly prays to the Lord of the harvest for such moderate rain and showers "that we may receive the fruits of the earth, etc.;" if not, he sits on the back stoop after the day's work is done, and grumbles at the fates and all things generally, feeling, and, as he thinks, knowing, his utter helplessness. He does not lift his hand to help himself out of his difficulties; he has not thought such a thing practicable or even possible.

Such dry seasons come seldom. Men do not act in matters of this kind till necessity, ever the mother of invention, compels the mind to think out and develop some scheme of relief. The pioneers who came west in the early days, were confronted with continuous drought; and we may well imagine their utter despair, as crop after crop failed them, and each

season was as dry and barren as the previous one. But their unconquerable pluck and perseverance prevailed. Compelled by dire necessity, they adopted the plan of irrigation. The earlier settlements were along the rivers and streams, but even these, at times, and in certain seasons, dried up. The unfortunate settlers sank wells with the result that, while in some localities they could get water in abundance, it was often so impregnated with alkali that it was useless, at least for domestic purposes. The number of immigrants rapidly increased, and the lands away from the "bottoms" began to be settled. The wide acres of the prairie could no longer be left to the tender mercies of the coyote. These lands, though, produced nothing, and would not and could not, except as grazing lands, unless watered. Then it was that irrigation was commenced.

The idea, of course, was not a modern one, for long years ago, during the time of the ancient civilizations of Egypt and Assyria, had this same means of overcoming similar difficulties been utilized. The modern world afforded abundant evidence of the vast utility of irrigation. And even in this country the Spaniards and Jesuit Fathers had built reservoirs and irrigating systems about the old missions in Texas and Southern California, where to-day their *zanjas* are still used as channels for conveying the water. Some peoples, generally, unknown to the settlers, and long forgotten by the aborigines, had irrigated in Arizona and Southern Utah, as is evidenced by the ruined canals and ditches now to be seen there. The Mormons, however, were probably the first Americans to irrigate. This

was in Utah in 1848, but it was not until 1870 that any really systematic work was done.

It will be of interest, here, to note the extent of the arid region. Incredible as it may seem, and as it seemed to me when I first learned the fact, no less than 1,652,060 square miles are included in it—about one half the total area of the United States. This includes the states and territories following: Texas, New Mexico, Arizona, California, Colorado, Utah, Nevada, Kansas (west of 97°), Nebraska, Wyoming, South Dakota, North Dakota, Montana, Idaho and the eastern parts of Oregon and Washington. Of this vast area, at least four-fifths absolutely requires irrigation for production at all, or, in other words, without it the land would be absolutely valueless, except in certain parts suitable for a sort of pasturage. Lands which now yield valuable crops of fruits, alfalfa, grain and all sorts of produce, were, twenty years ago, worth less than \$1 an acre. So effective is the system that, according to the report of a committee appointed in 1890 by the Senate of the United States, to investigate the question, it is calculated that, in any given period of ten years, irrigated land will produce from three to five times as much as land cultivated under a normal rain fall, a fact which has been illustrated even in the experience of a few market-gardeners in western Ontario. If this is the case,—and it is undoubtedly the opinion of many ranchmen with whom I have spoken that it is so,—is there no lesson to be deduced by farmers living in the more favored east?

It is quite true that in the arid regions the cost of irrigation generally is very great, but in the east of the United States and of Canada, where the rain-fall is normal, and creeks and streams, lakes and springs abound, the cost would be very much reduced. To get an idea of the benefits, take any

crop, as, for example, the peach crop. How often have we seen the peaches falling, half formed, for lack of rain and nourishment, when a little exertion and a very small outlay would have saved the orchard's yield? While large sections of the western country are under irrigation—that is, are irrigated by systems of canals and ditches controlled by companies—very many ranches, especially in the small valleys and on mountain slopes, where irrigation is only supplemental to the rain-fall, are watered by private systems. In the east, where there are few farms without abundance of water available for the purpose, this is more practicable than in the west. Certain it is that, if once the immense benefits of irrigation were realized by eastern farmers, it would be rapidly adopted where now it is scarcely even known.

Rapidly has the idea developed in the west. According to the official statistics of 1891, California had 4,500,000 acres under ditch, and 3,500 artesian wells; Colorado, 3,007,050 acres under ditch, and 4,600 artesian wells; while the whole arid region had, under ditch, 17,177,843 acres, and 13,492 artesian wells. The total of acres cultivated by the irrigators was 7,988,000. These figures rapidly increased year by year, and when we consider that the whole of this development has been accomplished practically since 1877, when foreign money was first put into the ditches, we can judge of the immense benefits that are realized from it. The figures I have given do not include private irrigators, whose number is very great, and who have reclaimed a vast quantity of land.

In Colorado I have seen a market-garden looking fresh and green, yielding vegetables and small fruits in abundance, from which the owner was making a handsome profit, and this under a scorching sun and where there had been absolutely no rain for four months. Not a stone's throw

from this garden was an uncultivated prairie, with hardly a spear of even prairie grass upon it; so burned and brown had it become that it was almost impossible to believe that, but two years before, the garden plot was in the same condition. At Redlands, in California, there is a hill known as Smiley heights. Four years ago two brothers, the Messrs. A. H. & A. K. Smiley, owners of a large hotel in the White Mountains, purchased this hill side, which consisting of some fifty acres, and put water upon it. To-day it is a most magnificent garden of semi-tropical fruits and flowers, with perfect roadways winding in and about amid the most luxuriant verdure and vegetation. I do not suppose there is a more perfect expression of the landscape gardener's art on this continent. When we look upon the barren land and hillsides roundabout, and then upon the beautiful watered ranches, and garden tracts, it almost seems as if it must have been the magician's wand which has wrought the change.

As may well be imagined, the legislatures of the various states have passed many statutes, regulating the whole question of irrigation, and it has been considered whether or not it would not be well for the State, or even the Federal authorities, to have complete control of the irrigating systems. Irrigation journals and conventions are continually discussing this and analogous questions. At present the governmental regulations vary much in the different states.

Colorado is divided into water districts, in each of which an irrigation commissioner is appointed by the governor. The duties of the commissioners are judicial in their nature, disputes as to priority of right, etc., being referred to them.

Ditch companies, as they are called, are usually mutual companies. Each farmer takes a number of shares proportionate to the area of his land to be watered, the quantity of water allowed each depending upon the num-

ber of shares held. Stock companies sell water rights, by which is meant in Colorado, a supply of water sufficient for 80 acres of land.

In most cases the ranchmen have perpetual water rights. These rights vary in cost from \$400 in the San Louis Valley in the southern part of the state, to \$1,200 in the valley of the North Poudre in the north. Each right is still subject to a small annual assessment for working expenses. Superintendents of the companies mete out the water to the various "takers," at regular intervals. Frequent are the disputes as to the quantity of water taken, and frequent are the stealings, especially from the smaller ditches.

In the case of mutual companies, each farmer has the use of so many inches of water (according to the number of his shares), for a fixed number of days at a time. The quantity of water is measured at the flume of the intake into his farm. On receiving it there, he runs it into a system of ditches across his ranch, and goes through the fields with a shovel opening the ditches, cutting down hillocks, stopping up outlets where the water would overflow or waste and generally directing the water, so that it will cover the land to be irrigated as uniformly as possible. If the ranch is a large one, the work is kept up night and day for several days. It is no easy task. Each grain or alfalfa crop is usually watered about twice.

It is in Southern California, however, that irrigation has attained its greatest development, and there it might most profitably be studied by the eastern fruit-grower or gardener. Fruit culture may there be seen to perfection. Water poured on the rainless desert makes it bloom under the torrid sun; where the cactus and sage bush alone held sway, vineyards and orange groves, peach and apricot orchards, flourish and yield fruit to a luxuriance and extent almost unthought of in countries wholly depen-

dent upon the rain fall. The broad range of the Rockies seem to have been especially designed by nature to furnish reservoirs from which these parched, arid plains may be watered.

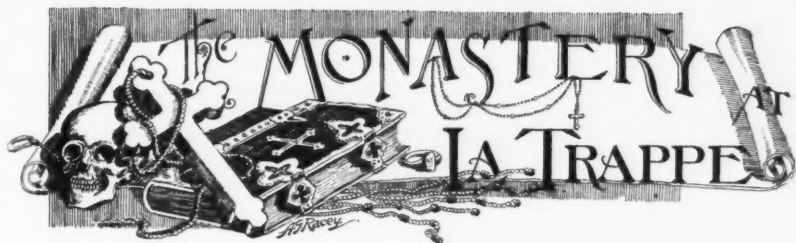
The water is brought down from the mountains by different systems in different parts of the country, and is distributed in canals, flumes, or pipes.

Sometimes it is under pressure and sometimes not. The ranchman, who is usually entitled to from an inch to five acres, to an inch to seven acres, generally receives it in an open flume at the highest point of his land. The land has been carefully graded so that the water shall run in one direction over the whole ranch. This flume is placed across the highest side of the ranch, and the water is let out into furrows previously run alongside the rows of trees. It is usually allowed to run slowly through these furrows for two or three days, so that the ground throughout the orchard becomes thoroughly soaked. This is repeated from May to November, about once a month. Nearly every orchardist has a different theory as to the proper mode of applying the water, but the general principles are the same. The holdings are usually small, each ranch consisting of from 5 to 15 acres, and 10 acres is about the average.

One law, peculiar to California, and known as the Wright Act, has had the effect of rapidly increasing the number of acres underwater. By this act any section of the country having a common water source may, by certain processes provided by the act, bond the lands to raise money for developing water, and delivering it to the ranches. These bonds form a charge upon the land, similar to municipal debentures. In some localities the act has been found to work well; in others it has proved a detriment.

Reference must be made to some of the gigantic systems, in order to give an adequate idea of the magnitude of these works. Three and a half million dollars have been expended upon a fifty mile canal, from the Merced river, with a carrying capacity of four thousand cubic feet per second, and with one hundred and fifty miles of subsidiary ditches and a reservoir, Lake Yosemite, covering a square mile to a depth of 30 feet. In Kern County there is a system of 27 main canals, with an aggregate length of three hundred miles, and having about eleven hundred miles of permanent laterals. The system has cost over \$4,000,000. In San Bernardino County is the Great Bear Valley system, having a reservoir in the mountains, with a capacity of about twenty billions of gallons, from which the water is carried some twenty-five miles, and poured over thousands of acres in the several fertile, Eden-like valleys within its sweep. The products of these lands are carried east, and the district is known through the medium of the finest orange produced on the continent—the Redlands Navel.

Besides these gigantic companies, there is the small private tunnel, well, or reservoir, often found in parts of the country where the rainfall is, in some seasons, sufficient for agricultural purposes. It is from these, as I have said, that the eastern fruit farmer can learn a lesson to his advantage. Regular, unvarying crops would indeed be an unheard of blessing in the east. Such crops in the west are the rule. It is no exaggeration to say that any one, with but a small expenditure of money and energy, can ensure this certainty, at least so far as prevention of destruction by drought is concerned. It does not require an expert in the business to figure the financial benefit from irrigation.



BY CLIFFORD SMITH.

(Illustrated by A. G. Racey.)

NESTLED among the great range of Laurentian Hills, three and a half miles back of the quaint village of Oka, which is situated on the banks of the picturesque Ottawa River, is the monastery of Notre Dame du Lac des Deux Montagnes, where dwell some three-score men, who for religion's sake have taken the most solemn vows to devote their lives to mortifying their bodies. Some of them will never leave the monastery until they are carried from it by their brethren and placed in the open grave which years ago they dug for themselves.

The new stone monastery, which has been erected near the old wooden one, is a fine structure, and forms a hollow square, enclosing a large courtyard. The western wing is called the hospice, and is set apart for the use of guests. The eastern and central portions are occupied by the monks.

Interesting indeed is the history of this order, and equally interesting is the remarkable life led by those who have devoted themselves to it.

Thirteen years ago, ten men, tired of the pomps and vanities of the world, were given one thousand acres of land on these wild and densely wooded hills, for the purpose of forming a monastery, and, by cultivating the land, to pay for the humble buildings they purposed erecting and passing their lives in, and for the little they ate. As the years slowly stole by, their numbers gradually increased,

and as they did, the dense wood which surrounded them began to recede back and back from the valley where the monks had built the little wooden monastery, toward the vast range of hills on the north. Soon the large area of cultivated ground brought forth far more than their needs called for, and they sent the fruit of their labors to Montreal, where it was sold. The money thus procured was invested in farm implements, and in improving the land. To-day they have a fine stone structure, scores of fine horses, over two hundred head of cattle, and hundreds of pigs and sheep, besides valuable barns, gardens, young orchards, a blacksmith's shop and a small saw-mill, all of which are tended by the monks, who begin work long before the sun illumines the broad blue Ottawa,—which the monks can see in the distance—and even after it has sunk to rest behind the vast, silent range on the west.

A visit to this remarkable monastery brings vividly back to one's memory the history of the Middle Ages, and the austere lives led by the monks of those days: in fact the monastery at Oka is simply are vival of the monastic days of that period.

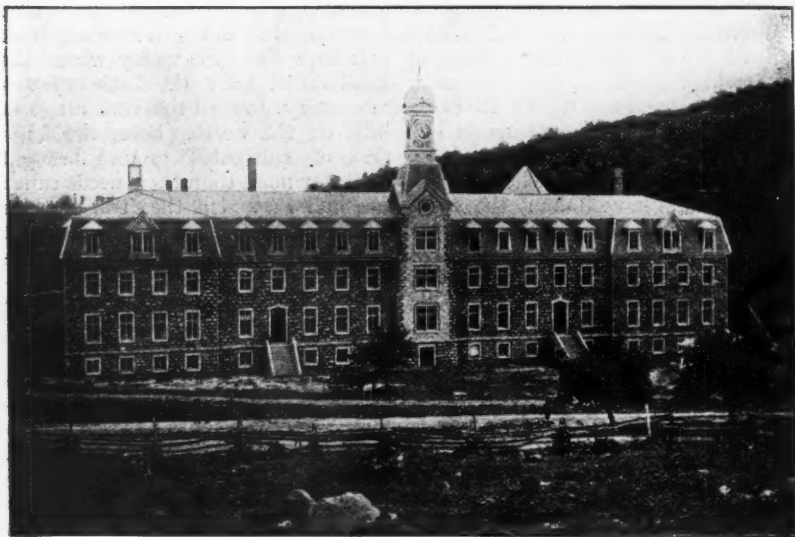
The monastic life, as known, is, either Christian or Jewish, as old as Christianity. During the first five centuries of the church, cenobites existed without fixed rules, and were not very numerous. St. Benedict, in 529, gave such an impetus to monastic

orders, and placed them on so firm a footing, that he is considered the founder of monasticism.

During the trying times following the French Revolution, the Trappists were expelled from France, and wandered over Europe. Finally, Don Augustin, Abbot of La Trappe, once more, with a small band, found a resting place in France, and soon the order began to multiply and spread to other countries. The large majority of Trappist monasteries to-day are in

order was well nigh extinct—is incomprehensible.

Before a man is allowed to take the life vow at the monastery at Oka, he has first to spend two years in the institute preparing for the solemn and momentous ordeal. If he finds his health gives out under the rigorous rules laid down, or, to his dismay, discovers that although the spirit is willing that the body longs for the flesh-pots of Egypt, and like Banquo's ghost, will not down, he can depart as



THE NEW MONASTERY.

France and Germany; but there are two in England, two in Ireland, two in Italy, one in Turkey, one in Algiers, two in the United States, and there are two in Canada,—one in Nova Scotia, founded in 1814, and that at Oka. To these are soon to be added two more, one at Lake St. John and one at St. Norbert, in Manitoba, an offshoot from the Abbey Bellefontaine, in France. Considering the lives the men who embrace these orders are compelled to lead, the growth of the order since the days of Napoleon,—when the

freely as he came.

On entering the grounds, one is struck with the quaint dresses of the monks. The working dress is a long white robe, looped up from the waist in order not to impede walking, while a black scapular encircles the head and falls below the knees, and a huge leather belt is fastened around the waist.

In the great fields around the monastery the monks can be seen at work, feeding pigs, driving horses, milking cows, turning over the earth, or, if it



THE MONKS HARVESTING.

be in July, cutting hay and loading it on carts. The butter, cheese and cider which they make is considered very fine and commands a good price in Montreal.

As we stand and watch the busy workers, we soon realize that there is something strange and weird about them and we try and try to think what it is. Suddenly the mystery is solved; we miss the voices of the harvesters and we turn to the "guest master," and ask him why they do not talk, and he tells us that they all have taken the vow of perpetual silence, and that the only time they hear their voices is when they lift them up in prayer to confess their numerous shortcomings. The Bishop, or Abbot of the order, and the "guest master," being compelled to meet visitors, are alone exempt from this most trying rule; but with the Brothers they never converse unless it is absolutely impossible to avoid doing so.

The visitor, on entering the monas-

tery, is shown by an old monk, clad in a dark-brown robe, into the "guest room," which is adorned with the pictures of two men who have been benefactors of the place; the otherwise bare, grim-looking walls, lofty ceiling and rude wooden benches impart an air of severity to the room.

After a short wait, a key is heard being inserted into the ponderous lock of the door at the far end of the room leading directly into the monastery, and a moment later the "guest master," a man of pleasing and intelligent countenance, enters, and warmly welcomes the visitor, leads him through the door he has just entered, once more locks it, and then indeed is the visitor in the famed monastery of La Trappe at Oka.

It would be impossible to imagine anything more uninviting than the dining-room, which is situated in the basement. A narrow rough board supported on legs about three feet in height is the table at which they dine;

queer little unvarnished stools serve for dining chairs; the floor of the dining-room is dark, unattractive stone; even the whitewash on the walls has been darkened, in order to make the place as unattractive as possible. One meal a day is all the monks get—and such a meal! At two o'clock, in single

wonderful diet is never changed unless in cases of severe illness.

Soon a strange scene is witnessed. One or possibly more of the monks are observed, before they touch this meagre food, which they have waited twenty-four hours for;—to stand up. The brother who is serving understands, and takes away the food and in exchange brings empty tin dishes, which the penitent monks take, and with bowed heads walk around the room to the silent eaters and mutely beg a little to eat. It is a strange sight to see the monks donating a spoonful of soup or a small piece of bread to the penitents, who voluntarily in this manner make known that they have unwittingly committed some little fault, not a sin, and for which to show their deep contrition, and to make, as they think, their salvation more secure, they seek to bring the sinful body more and more under subjection by depriving it of the needed only meal, and endeavor to chasten their souls by begging a morsel from those who can ill afford to



A MONK.

file, they enter with bowed heads and silently range themselves around the long narrow table on both sides of the room. They sit only at one side of the table, the side nearest the wall; thus they all face the centre of the room. The Superintendent, at one end of the room, with a small wooden hammer strikes the table; instantly the monks draw from their girdles small knotted whips, and then they chastise themselves on the shoulders and legs. At short intervals the hammer sounds on the table, and the whipping continues, and must continue, until the hammer ceases.

At last they are seated at the table and their food is passed to them—a small tin of soup composed of bread, water, cabbage and onions. A small piece of bread is also handed them and a generous supply of water. This

spare it.

Even at meal-time, they are not allowed to ask a brother to pass them the salt or water.

Many who have the wish to be monks and are willing to devote their lives to mortifying the body, often have to leave the monastery, for their health gives out through lack of nourishment. Sometimes it takes many years to subdue the body to such an extent that it no longer protests against one meal a day, and that meal bread, weak soup and cold water. The monks at La Trappe who have succeeded in this difficult undertaking are a fine healthy body of men, and are seldom ill.

Apart from the dining-room, there is scarcely a chair or table to be seen in the whole monastery, and not a picture except in the cloister where

there is a set of Stations of the Cross, and these are very plain. In order that all sound may be prevented, the latches of the doors are made of wood, and the forks and spoons are of wood. The little chapel, with its narrow windows, letting in but little of the inquisitive sunlight, the carved wooden stalls, and, strangest of all, the enormous leather brass-bound breviaries, with the lines of the chant nearly an inch wide and printed entirely by hand, by means of stencil-plates, is a place that the visitor never will forget.

The great aim of the monastic life is the complete annihilation of Self, and to aid the monks to attain this end, mottoes such as these are painted on the walls of the monastery, and even in the stables and cow-shed:—"Think not, brothers, that you are humbling yourselves, for you are not; you are merely putting yourselves in the position in which you really belong" "This life is nothing; eternity is everything."

Once a day the monks repair to a long room, furnished with wooden benches, for meditation and public confession of faults. For an hour nothing can be heard but their

suppressed breathing. The confession of faults at last takes place; those who have inadvertently upset salt, or let fall a vessel, or in fact done anything

which their conscience tells them calls for penance, walk into the centre of the room, and, face downward, lie upon the floor which they penitently kiss. Their form of burial and their efforts to keep the grim reaper, Death, ever in memory, are weird in the extreme. When a monk leaves this world of suffering and tribulation, he is carried to the little graveyard, which he has daily seen, and to the open grave which he has helped to dig, and



LED BY THE ABBE TO CHURCH

is buried in it, without any coffin, or covering except his quaint robe, which he has never been allowed to take off when going to bed. Flowers are plant-

ed over his grave, and a huge plain cross marks the spot where lies he who has deprived himself of everything which men consider makes life bearable.

that has been pressed together so tightly as to make them as hard as boards. Some of the monks have pillows of this hard straw, while others in their anxiety to forego the slightest ease, pillow their weary heads on square pieces of bare boards. Before resting their bodies in these comfortless beds they take down from the foot of the bed the knotted whip, and again punish themselves.

With the exception of a narrow strip of hair, which is meant to represent the crown of thorns, their heads are devoid of hair, it being shaven off close to the skin. The monks receive many letters from devout Catholics who believe the prayers of the monks will avail much, to pray for the dead. These letters are fastened to the



DOING PENANCE.

The strangest of all their ceremonies is the preparing of a new grave. Each of the monks, by the side of the grave just filled, at intervals takes away a small portion of earth, and continues the excavation till the grave is nearly deep enough for the next monk who passes to his reward. The graveyard is near the monastery, and the monks are thus kept in mind of what their end will be.

Many of the monks find the penance of being compelled to sleep in their clothes a most trying one. The beds they sleep in are composed of straw

wall in the cloister, and are read by the monks; thus the necessity of reading them aloud and thereby breaking the vow of perpetual silence is avoided.

The one great aim of the monks is to wean themselves from thoughts of the world; consequently curiosity is considered a most deadly enemy, and is closely watched. When one of the monks wishes for the prayers of his brethren for his father or mother, who may have died, he fastens on the cloister wall a petition for prayers, worded as follows: "Brother ——— wishes for the prayers of his brother

monks for the repose of the soul of his father who has passed away from this life." The natural curiosity which may have been aroused in the breasts of the monks as to who the monk is who has lost his father and craves their prayers is not gratified.

Never was a monastery more guarded against the fair sex. On the entrance to the monastery, and over the doors of all the other buildings connected with it, are notices that almost a blind man could read, that women are not allowed to enter. The vault under the monastery, where are stored great casks of apple cider, which is sent in great quantities to Montreal, and, as stated, is considered very fine, is another place which impresses the

visitor with the feeling that he no longer lives in the nineteenth century, but in the days of long ago, when the Church of Rome was associated with dark passages and huge underground vaults, and where monks of goodly proportions manufactured wines that were supposed almost to be worth their weight in gold. The vault at La Trappe is not a very large one, but, nevertheless, it is very quaint. The door leading into it is opened from the inside by a strangely clad

monk, who spends nearly all his time there. The damp smell which assails the nose of the visitor generally takes away his anxiety to explore the place, small although it be.

The Trappist divides his time between prayer, labor, study and sleep. At seven o'clock he retires to his comfortable bed, and is up again sharp at two on the following morning. On Sundays, however, when masses are sung, they rise at one, and on special feasts, called "doubles," when the "office" is unusually long, they rise at midnight. The rule is strict that two minutes after the ringing of the bell for prayers the monks must be out of bed and down to prayer in the chapel. As they sleep in their habit, they are thus enabled to accomplish this difficult feat. After an hour of earnest prayer in the chapel comes half an hour of meditation. The monks are obliged to commit to memory the



"A Strangely Clad Monk."

"Little Office," and also portions of the canonical office, and to recite or sing them without lights. Strangely weird is the scene in the chapel at these early hours; the intense dark-



"The Strangest of all their Ceremonies."

ness which seems to be accentuated by the glimmering altar lamp, the ghostly white-robed figures scarcely visible in the surrounding gloom, and the echoes awakened by their prayers, produce an impression not easily to be forgotten. There are sixteen distinct offices during the day. After the "Little office" of Matins and Lauds, and the half hour of meditation, the lights are lighted and the canonical matins are sung,—the whole lasting until four, when the monks separate, those of them who are priests to say Mass at the various altars, and the others to serve or assist, or else to attend to some other duty of the day.

At a quarter past seven, "Tierce" is said, and is followed by the Conventual Mass, but in winter, when time will permit, High Mass is sung.

After Mass the manual labor of the day begins for the choir monks; the lay monks, however, who are exempt

from many of the offices, begin work at three. At a quarter past twelve, the monks again assemble in the chapel for the office of Sext and the Angelus. Then they again return to work. At ten minutes past two "None" is said, and then the monks, for the first time during the day, go to the refectory and break their fast; after which they again return to work until a quarter to five, when they attend Vespers, and once more return at twenty-five minutes past six, when "Complin" is said. The singing of the "Salva Regina," concludes the religious ceremonies of the day.

During the hours devoted to study, and while in the chapel, the monks wear a full white garment, which is very graceful. As they descend the long stairs on their way to the chapel, clad in these white flowing robes, they present a most picturesque appearance. With the novices, the scapular is

white instead of black, and the overgarment is a sleeveless white cloak, reaching almost to the ground. The dress of the lay monks is of similar make, but dark brown in color; the over-mantle is a sleeveless cloak.

No matter what the weather may be, the monks never wear any covering on their heads; yet they rarely ever suffer from colds.

Never do they complain, no matter how menial the work is they are given to do. The Bishop and the superintendent work just as hard and do just as menial work as the monks, whose duties they assign. It is no unusual thing to see the Bishop, on whom has been bestowed the ring and mitre, carrying swill to the pigs, water to the cattle, or stacking hay.

Before going out to work, the monks assemble in the work-room, where they take off their sandals and put on heavy sabots, and then, side by side, patiently wait for the superintendent to appoint them to their tasks. To avoid any task becoming interesting, none of the monks are often given the same duties over once or twice to perform; happiness must not be derived even from work, no matter how menial it may be.

The Trappists are excellent farmers, and have now a model farm. Several young men, sons of well-to-do farmers, are living at the monastery and are being taught farming. So persistently have the monks labored that they have already cleared five hundred acres, the greater portion of which is under cultivation. It is impossible to excel them as butter and cheese makers.

When they first went to Oka the farmers there were very poor, and knew little or nothing about modern farming; to-day, owing to the example set them by the monks, they are much better off. Their reverence for the monks is very great; for they are devout Catholics, and always ready to

uncover the head to those who have devoted their lives to the church.

The monks are all French Canadians, and many of them belong to wealthy families. The son of a well-known French Canadian judge, much against the will of his father, about a year ago joined the order. The rule not to allow a man to take the life vow until he has been in the monastery for two years, is a very sensible one, as it has been found that more than one devout, or world-weary man, after passing several months in the monastery, has been glad to return to his friends again. Several boys, novices, are in the monastery, and intend to become monks when they reach manhood.

So much in earnest are the little fellows that they would willingly now take the life vow, were they allowed;



"And penitently kiss the floor."

but before they can take that momentous step, they have to be twenty-one years of age. It is touching to see them, clad in quaint garments, marching to work with sealed lips, and modestly bowed heads. On account of their youth, the tasks assigned them are not severe.

It would be unfair to the monks to leave the impression that they are unhappy; if looks go for aught, it can readily be said that they are perfectly contented, and to be contented is to be happy indeed. "There is not one of the monks," said the "guest master," "who would leave the monastery and live in the world again, were the whole world given him."

The monks believe that they do the world more good by isolating them-

selves, and constantly offering up prayers for those who never pray for themselves, than they could do by living among sinners. They argue that there are plenty of societies devoted to looking after the bodies of men, and not enough wholly devoted to fervently praying for their souls.

Very often the large wing set apart for visitors is filled. Many visitors stay a day or two, and fast and pray. There are many who go and make what is called a "retreat," and stay for months at a time. Most of those making retreats are fired with ambition to deny themselves food, and to punish themselves as the monks do; but the abbot, who knows that they would injure their health by this sudden determination, always advises the devout visitor to eat three meals every day, as he has been accustomed to do. The spiritual director is always in close attendance on those making retreats, and it is his duty to give wise counsel as to how the most spiritual help can be obtained during the retreat. The visitors are told that, not unless they desire, is it necessary to get up at two and attend all the offices in the chapel. Certain prayers are recommended. The necessity of an hour's meditation every day in a kneeling position is strongly impressed upon those making retreats. No meat is allowed at meals, but visitors are given plenty of fresh milk, butter, eggs, cheese, and cider. The monks do not charge anything for their hospitality; but, as they are deeply in debt for the new monastery, they do not refuse what may be given them.

Excursions to the monastery from Montreal, Quebec, and even from the United States, are becoming common occurrences. Last July, over a thou-

sand visitors went to the monastery. There is every likelihood that the growth of this order will be very rapid in the Province of Quebec, which seems to be peculiarly adapted to it. Already, arrangements are being made for the erection of a Trappist monastery at Lake St. John, where the Government has donated a large tract of land.

Only three monks have died at La Trappe since the order was founded; and two of these were accidentally killed.

The village of Oka, although small, boasts of a very fine church, which contains a silver statue of the Virgin, presented by Louis XIV., also a number of valuable paintings sent from France during the Revolution. The first thing which arouses the attention of strangers when they reach Oka is the immense cross on the summit of the towering hill in the distance. It marks one of the "Stations of the Cross," of which there are twelve. Every summer thousands of visitors climb up the steep, rugged sides of the hill, and pray at every station.

To a Protestant, a visit to the Trappist monastery at Oka cannot be but exceedingly interesting, for there he sees customs and life exactly as they existed in mediæval times, of which the monastery is a relic.

"Sacred religion! mother of form and fear!
How gorgeously sometimes dost thou sit deck'd;
What pompous vestures do we make thee wear!
What stately piles we prodigal erect!
How sweet perfumed art thou, how shining clear,
How solemnly observ'd; with what respect—
Another time all plain; all quite thread-bare!
Thou must have all within, and nought without;
Sit poorly without light—disrobd; no care
Of outward grace t'amuse the poor devout:
Poor and unfollowed, scarcely men can spare
The necessary rites to set thee out."



THE PAGAN IROQUOIS.

WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED BY A. H. H. HEMING.



IN the language of the Iroquois, the title of their confederacy is "Kayanerenyhwaka," which, translated, signifies The Great League. This historical league and government was founded about the year 1459, by that great Onondaga chief, Hiawatha.

He had long beheld with grief the evils which afflicted not only his own tribe but all the other nations about them, through the constant wars in which they were engaged, and the miseries and misgovernment which these wars produced. When he first proposed to his people the grand system of government which he devised, he received from them no support whatever. So that, rather than fail in completing the great work he had in view, and which he well knew would be of lasting benefit to all the tribes concerned, he left his people and his country, and journeyed to the land of the Caniagas—commonly known as the Mohawks. They endorsed his project, adopted him, and gave him a place of high honor among the rulers of their tribe. A year afterwards, with the assistance of the Mohawks, he persuaded the Oneidas to join the proposed league. Then followed the Cayugas, the lordly Onondagas, and the Senecas. The Iroquois composed a league of five nations, until 1714, when the Tuscaroras were admitted, thus making the "Six Nations," by which name it is generally known today. Later on, in 1753, the confederacy was enlarged by the admittance

of the Tuteloes and the Nanticokes, and afterwards the Delawares and fragments of the tribes of the Eries, Hurons, Saponies, Mohegans, and Mississagies.

The country occupied by the Iroquois prior to the Revolution was the northern and western parts of the State of New York; but the Tuscaroras and Tuteloes originally came from North Carolina, and the Delawares from Pennsylvania.

By the events of the Revolutionary war, the league was considerably broken up, the majority of the members following their chief, Thayendanege—Captain Joseph Brant—to Canada, where, as a reward for the support they had given the loyalists, the British Government appropriated for their use a large tract of valuable land, through which the Grand River flows. There the ancient league was re-established, with all its laws and ceremonies. Since that time there have been sold to the whites many hundreds of acres of the best land fronting on either side of the river.

The total number of resident and nomadic Indians on the Grand River Reserve, which is situated in the counties of Brant and Haldimand, in the Province of Ontario, was, in 1890,—according to the annual report of the Department of Indian Affairs—3,425, which shows an increase of 221 since 1880. They compose the largest band of Canadian Indians east of Manitoba. Religiously, they are divided as follows:—2,144 are Protestant, 23 Roman Catholic, and 630 are Pagan. There are nearly four times as many Pagans among these Iroquois as there are in all the other aboriginal tribes of Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, New Brunswick and Prince Edward Island.

To-day, the reserve extends over 15 acres. For the year 1890, the harvest of roots and grain amounted to nearly the whole is excellent farming 61,453 bushels, and 1,400 tons of hay land. More than 19,180 acres are were stacked. There is about one



THE BRANT MONUMENT, BRANTFORD.

broken and cultivated ; the remainder of the land is principally covered with second-growth hardwood. If the land were equally divided among the Indians, each person would possess about house for every five inhabitants, and a barn or stable for every second house. Of cattle, horses, sheep, and pigs, there are fifteen to every stable ; and there is more than one waggon or farming

implement to every third animal. Nearly all the farms are well fenced with wood or wire, and the stone roads in some sections are good. A



A SENECA.

few of the cross-roads are of the old-time corduroy description. Here and there a neat brick house, with well-kept croquet lawn, adorns the landscape. Some of the farms are really models, and would be a great credit to many a white farmer. To give an idea of what civilization has done for these people, I might mention that at the house in which I boarded for a few weeks, the table was set with china, silverware, table napkins, etc. My host and hostess were both pure-blooded Indians.

The mention of croquet lawns will, no doubt, bring a smile to the face of the reader, when one tries to imagine the sons of the greatest aboriginal warriors that North America has seen, playing the effeminate game of croquet. But it is a fact that each of the best farms has its croquet lawn, and the use of the latest pattern of lawn mower keeps it in first-class order. The men take a great interest in the game, playing it almost

every evening while the season lasts.

But, among the well-to-do Iroquois farmers, who compose by far the larger half, there is very little to excite the interest of the artist, or fascinate the ethnologist, so we will leave the prosperous and civilized Indians, to visit the haunts of the Pagans.

There, a small log-house stands back from the roadway, and usually a row of scraggy trees and bushes forms a back ground. Our visit is in autumn. Around the porch and on the sunny sides of the building hang strings of drying Indian corn. A few yards from the door a pot is simmering over a smouldering fire, for all through the summer the cooking is done outside. The stove-pipe chimney that one sees protruding a foot or so above the roof is used only when the weather is cold enough to drive these hardy people indoors. The hard-packed earth around the house affords a good play-ground for the three or four half-naked urchins who shout and romp with, for other companions, half a dozen mongrel dogs. Inside the house—which contains only one room—there are a



A CAYUGA.

few bunks at one end; two or three sturdy-looking benches line the walls; and sometimes a rude table graces the centre of the Pagan's manison. Over in one corner, which is half-lighted by

the little square window, the swaying figure of a woman—I refrain from calling her a squaw, because to an Indian the word signifies a bitter term of reproach—attracts your attention. She is leaning over a large concave



AN ONEIDA.

section of a tree trunk, and at regular intervals she brings down, with a considerable thud, a ponderous wooden masher. This is the ancient grist-mill; and, being in almost daily use among these people, it is to them the modern grist mill. The Indian corn, pounded to flour in this fashion, is the staple food of the Pagans; and it is served in a variety of ways, such as corn bread, corn cake, corn meal, etc.

Off to one side of the house stands a stable, on the roof of which is piled the entire winter's supply of hay. The structure is built so low that when a horse enters it necessitates the lowering of his head; and the oxen can easily munch the hay from off the roof.

A few high-backed and long-snouted pigs—they are peculiar to the reserve—wallow in the caked mud on the shady side of the sty; and out in the sun a bunch of cackling chickens

raise a dust in a large wicker coop.

For hundreds of years the principal industry of the Iroquois has been that of raising Indian corn. When the French settled in Canada, in the year 1603, six years before the Dutch possessed themselves of New Netherlands, now called New York, the Iroquois were known to be doing quite an extensive business in trading their corn for venison with the Adirondacks. Of late, they do not sell the corn, but grow it entirely for their own use. Each year the Green Corn Dance—which is one of their leading festivals—announces the harvesting time. Then is seen the striking picture of the gaily-dressed women, with their bright-colored, plaited baskets hung on their backs by a strap around the head or shoulders. As they pluck the ears of corn they toss them over their shoulders into the baskets; then, when it is all gathered, the husks are turned back from the cobs and plaited together in long strings, which are either hung up to dry in the sun, or fastened along the rafters of the dingy interior of the little cabin. The men seldom give any assistance, as the work is looked upon by them as fit only for women.

In their leisure, the women make fancy beaded moccasins, fans, pin-cushions, work-bags, toy canoes, grass mats, etc. But the most of their time is taken up with basket-making. Squatting cross-legged on the hard-trodden earth—which forms the floor of the abode—they sit, with several long bunches of variously-colored strips of thin wood placed about them. Strand after strand is woven into a matting, which, after the sides are turned up, forms a basket. Some of these baskets are exceedingly ornamental, having red, blue, green, and yellow worked in various checkered designs. They are made in all manner of shapes, but the kind for which there is the largest market is the ordinary oblong, half-bushel basket. Huge bundles of a dozen or more are

often carried on the backs of the men and women to the neighboring towns and cities, where they are offered for sale. Another article manufactured by the women and girls, and which helps materially to increase their small income, is the straw hat, of the style usually known in Western Ontario as the "Cow's breakfast."

The men put in the most of their time at chopping cord wood, which is hauled to market mainly in the winter time, on sleighs drawn by horses or oxen when there is sufficient snow to permit of sleighing. When the buck is in want of a little ready cash, and feels too lazy to get out a load of wood, he sits astride his wooden horse and shaves out a few axe handles, which bring from fifteen to twenty-five cents each. He is also an adept at making ox-goads, whip-stalks, canes, walking-sticks, bows and arrows. But the thing he takes the most pride in making is the lacrosse stick. Two or three of the Indians have won a reputation by the excellent lacrosse sticks they have turned out—for instance, the Gibson Brothers. These sticks are considered by lacrosse players to be preferable to any others. These two men—one of whom is blind—are busily engaged at this work all the year round. The stick, which is generally made of hickory, is shaved to a proper thickness, steamed into shape, and then strung with soaked rawhide.

In the surrounding counties, the picking of hops gives to the men and women several weeks of employment. Sometimes a gang of forty or fifty are employed on one farm. They take

the children with them, perhaps twenty or thirty miles, and camp out every night until the work is finished.

There is an odd custom that is still in vogue among the Pagans. Whenever the family leave home for a day or so, instead of fastening or locking the door, they simply stand the corn-pounder against the outside. As this sign is understood by all the Indians, nothing is touched, nor does any one



A TUSCARORA WOMAN.

enter the house during the absence of the family. Possibly, however, this is not owing to the great honesty of the neighbors, but rather to the fact that if they should feel at all disposed to borrow with the intent of not returning, there would scarcely be anything in the place worth the taking away.



PRODUCTION OF WHEAT IN CANADA.

BY SYDNEY C. D. ROPER.

THE wheat production of Canada has been the subject of so much exaggeration, and so much ignorance prevails as to the real state of things, that some definite information on the question seems to the writer to have become very desirable. Year by year, estimates of the quantity of wheat available for export have been published, out of all proportion to the production, and therefore impossible of fulfilment, and it is not to be wondered at if a certain disbelief in Canada's capabilities in this direction has been engendered in consequence. A careful investigation, therefore, into the question has been made, and it is proposed in the following pages to set forth as clearly as may be, without either undue exaggeration or depreciation, what the actual facts are. The advisability of some such statement was further suggested by some remarks made in the *Corn Trade Year Book*, 1893 (Liverpool, Eng.), which not only called attention to the exaggerated forecasts mentioned above, but also stated that the published figures implied a consumption of 8 bushels per head, and went on to ask for information from Canada as to whether this was the case, or whether the crops were over-estimated, or the exports understated. These questions will be found answered below, and while the figures will go to show that Canada's exports of wheat are at present but of small account in connection with the world's supply, a correct statement of the facts, even if apparently disappointing, is less detrimental to the country's interests than glowing accounts and exaggerated predictions that are never realized; and it does not in any way detract from the wonderful capabilities of the

country to show that they have not yet been taken much advantage of, and to point out what is necessary before they can be properly developed.

With regard, therefore, in the first place, to the actual production up to the present time:—

Previous to 1882 there were no means available of obtaining any information about the area in, and yield of wheat, except at the regular decennial census, according to which, in 1870, the area under wheat in the four provinces, Ontario, Quebec, Nova Scotia, and New Brunswick, was 1,646,781 acres, and the yield 16,723,873 bushels. The product of the rest of British North America was at that time too small to be worth taking into account. By the census of 1881, the area under wheat, in 1880, in the Dominion, which then comprised the whole of British North America, with the exception, of course, of Newfoundland, which has not yet joined the Confederation, was 2,342,355 acres, an increase of 695,574 acres, while the yield was given at 32,350,269 bushels. At the end of the next ten years, the census gave the area under wheat in 1890, at 2,723,861 acres, an increase only of 381,506 acres, and the yield at 42,144,629 bushels.

In 1882 and 1883, the Ontario and Manitoba Governments respectively commenced the annual collection of statistics concerning the cultivation of wheat within their provinces, which, with the exception of a break in Manitoba, in 1888, have been continued up to the present time, and it is these figures that necessarily form the basis of any estimate that may be made of the wheat crop in any year, for, with the exception of Ontario and the North-West Territories, wheat-growing in

the rest of the Dominion has not only always been insignificant, but has, on the whole, been steadily decreasing. The movement of wheat cultivation throughout the country is illustrated by the following figures, which are those for the crop years 1880 and 1890, as given by the census returns of 1881 and 1891:—

WHEAT PRODUCTION IN CANADA ACCORDING TO CENSUS RETURNS.

PROVINCES.	1880.		1890.	
	Acres.	Bus.	Acres.	Bus.
Ontario	1,930,123	27,406,091	1,430,519	21,814,522
Manitoba	51,293	1,033,673	896,610	16,094,130
Total	1,981,416	28,439,764	2,327,129	37,406,652
Quebec	223,176	2,019,004	191,599	1,568,289
Nova Scotia ..	41,875	529,251	14,157	165,806
N. Brunswick ..	40,336	521,986	17,306	209,809
P. E. Island ..	41,942	546,986	44,703	613,364
B. Columbia ..	7,952	173,653	15,166	388,300
Total	355,261	3,790,850	282,921	2,945,568
N. W. Terr'es.	5,678	119,655	113,811	1,792,409
Grand Total.	2,342,355	32,350,269	2,723,861	42,144,629

There was an increase in the total area of 381,506 acres. The movement in the several provinces has been as follows:—

CHANGES IN AREA UNDER CULTIVATION OF WHEAT BETWEEN 1880 AND 1890.

DECREASE.		INCREASE.	
	Acres.		Acres.
Ontario	499,604	Manitoba ..	845,317
Quebec	31,577	British Columbia ..	7,204
Nova Scotia ..	27,698	P. E. Island ..	2,761
New Brunswick ..	23,030	N. West Territories ..	108,133
	581,909		963,415

In the four original provinces of the Dominion, it will be seen, there was a decrease of 581,909 acres, and, though there was an increase in Prince Edward Island and British Columbia, the former province is likely always to be an importer of wheat, while it must be some years, at any rate, before the latter will grow a quantity sufficient to supply the home demand, if indeed such a thing ever happens. It is evident, therefore, that as far as the question of production alone is concerned, statistics of the wheat yield in Onta-

rio, Manitoba, and the North-West Territories are the only factors of any material consequence to be considered. Just how far the official figures in Ontario and Manitoba are correct is a question that cannot definitely be settled. Neither can it be positively shown in which years the figures are excessive or otherwise, but that variations from the actual facts have occurred there seems to be no room for doubt, the tendency throughout being to over-estimate, more particularly in Manitoba, where the optimism so naturally prevalent in a new country has undoubtedly made itself felt in the returns. As regards the yield in the territories, the census at present supplies the only information, but it is understood that a system for the collection of these statistics is about to be put into force by the Territorial Government.

In order, therefore, to arrive at the annual production, we have, to assist us, the official figures for Ontario and Manitoba, which comprise about 90 per cent. of the total yield, and the census returns for the remainder of the Dominion. The returns of the two provinces are largely made up from threshers' returns, which, of course, do not make any allowance for incorrect measurement, or for subsequent loss in cleaning, neither do they take into account inferior or damaged grain, which never goes into distribution. The fact that a certain quantity of grain is frequently fed on the farm should also be taken into consideration, and it is considered that a deduction of 10 per cent. may fairly be made from the gross yield to cover these several deficiencies. In the following table, therefore, the first column gives the gross production of wheat in each year, as derived from the official estimates and from the census returns, due allowance having been made in each year, as regards the latter figures, for the decrease in area shown to have taken place in certain provinces since 1880. The second co-

lemn provides for the above-mentioned deductions for loss, consumption on farm, etc., and the third column gives the apparent net quantity available for distribution.

ESTIMATED PRODUCTION OF WHEAT IN CANADA.

YEAR.	Estimated Crop. Bushels.	Deductions for cleaning, short meas't, feed etc. Bushels.	Estimated net quantity available for distribution. Bushels.
1883	47,751,706	4,775,171	42,976,535
1883	30,840,762	3,040,076	27,799,686
1884	45,363,417	4,536,342	40,827,075
1885	42,736,327	4,273,633	38,462,694
1886	38,224,563	3,822,460	34,402,103
1887	38,964,231	3,896,423	35,067,808
1888	32,064,851	3,206,485	28,858,366
1889	30,791,656	3,079,165	27,712,491
1890	41,372,134	4,137,913	37,234,221
1891	60,721,193	6,072,120	54,649,073
1892	48,182,295	4,818,229	43,364,066
Total	457,903,077	45,790,307	412,112,770

It will now be in order to endeavor to ascertain how far distribution will dispose of the above quantities, and this has been attempted in the next table. The quantity required for domestic consumption has been calculated at the rate of $5\frac{1}{2}$ bushels per head of the estimated population in each year. This amount, it is admitted, is to a certain extent an arbitrary one, but all such calculations must be more or less matters of conjecture. According to Mulhall, the consumption in Canada, in 1887, was at the rate of 5.7 bushels per head, while the average consumption is placed by him at 5.1 bushels; but there were no reasons why the consumption in 1887 should have been so much above the average, and if from special data he was able to fix it at 5.7 bushels for that year, the probabilities are that his estimate of an average consumption of 5.1 bushels is too low. At the same time, his calculations of this nature are not always to be relied on. The consumption in Ontario may be put, with tolerable certainty, at about 5 bushels; in Quebec it will be a little higher, while in the maritime provinces it is, owing to the greater use of Indian corn, most likely a little less. In Manitoba and the North-West it is probably higher

than elsewhere, and has been officially estimated at 6 bushels per head. Taking all things into consideration, it seems that $5\frac{1}{2}$ bushels should represent pretty closely the consumption of the Dominion. The United States Government have, since 1878, made all their calculations at $4\frac{2}{3}$ bushels per head, while Mr. Edward Atkinson puts it at one barrel of flour (from $4\frac{1}{2}$ to $4\frac{3}{4}$ bushels of wheat) for each adult person, which would be about 4 bushels per head, either of which calculations is a good deal lower than the rate fixed on for Canada, but allowance has to be made for the large section of country in the States where corn almost entirely takes the place of wheat. The consumption in the Australasian colonies has been variously estimated at from 5 to $7\frac{1}{2}$ bushels per head. The allowance for seed has been calculated at the rate of $1\frac{1}{2}$ bushels per acre under cultivation of wheat in the year following the crop year. The net exports are obtained by deducting the gross imports from the gross exports, the figures being for the twelve months beginning on the 1st October in each crop year, and ending on the 30th September in the following year, as this period is likely to cover, better than any other, the movement of each individual crop. Flour is included at the rate of 4.75 bushels of wheat to the barrel.

ESTIMATED DISTRIBUTION OF WHEAT IN CANADA.

Crop Year	Net Exports. Bus.	Allowance for Seed. Bus.	Amount required for consumption. Bus.	Excess of crop over distribution. Bus.	Excess of distribution over crop. Bus.
1882	7,222,265	3,427,947	24,378,200	7,948,123
1883	8,516,442	3,363,911	24,661,615	8,247,602
1884	2,792,330	3,664,674	24,952,395	9,417,676
1885	4,662,975	3,890,614	25,228,450	9,180,655
1886	6,133,283	3,868,839	25,491,755	604,024
1887	2,761,653	3,247,472	25,768,446	3,281,230
1888	1,218,636	3,457,246	26,049,956	1,379,220
1889	96,076	3,808,760	26,339,654	2,531,999
1890	4,062,559	4,010,979	26,637,908	2,523,475
1891	12,343,426	4,335,819	26,945,089	11,024,789
1892	14,796,379	4,027,575	27,288,404	2,748,292
Total	54,870,946	40,104,536	283,744,502	44,002,779	5,875,215

*Excess of Imports.

The above figures show an apparent excess of crop over distribution at the end of the eleven years of about forty million bushels, which would indicate a large over-estimate of yield, but a considerable portion of this surplus can be accounted for. There is no doubt in the minds of those who have at all interested themselves in the matter, that the official returns of exports of wheat and flour (these are the only articles with which we are at present concerned, though the following remarks apply largely to exports generally) by no means represent the actual quantities that are shipped out of the country. The Customs Act in Canada provides for the report of all exports, whether leaving by land or water, and also provides a penalty for neglect to make the Customs entry; but, more especially as regards land carriage, this regulation is very frequently disregarded, its observance depending largely upon the station agents at the point of lading, many being quite indifferent as to whether or no they get the certificate of Customs entry, in which cases the shippers very naturally often neglect to make any entry at all. As a consequence of this carelessness, it is certain that a considerable quantity of wheat (especially in the form of flour), of which no record of any kind is taken, goes out of the country, *via* the United States, for foreign ports, principally the United Kingdom, and I have been informed, on good authority, that 25 per cent. would not be too much to add to the exports to meet this shortage in returns. This would account for, say 15,000,000 bushels of the surplus. Another 5 or 6 million bushels should certainly be written off the Manitoba crop of 1891, which, it is well known, was badly damaged by frost and rain, and a very considerable quantity rendered quite unsaleable. Some deduction also, which cannot well be put into figures, must be made for loss by fire, water, and in transport, leaving, perhaps, 15,000,000

bushels, or about 3½ per cent. of the total quantity not in any way accounted for. But though every effort has been made to reasonably account for the estimated production, it is probable that the actual excess of estimate over production was rather more than the figures given above. It will, of course, be understood that in these calculations the figures of any one year are not to be taken by themselves, or compared with those of any other individual year, the intention being to do no more than afford a fairly trustworthy idea of the production and distribution of wheat during the period involved. If the rules regarding export entries were more efficiently enforced, the returns thus obtained would prove valuable checks on the crop estimates of the Dominion, while a more common-sense system of compiling the official trade returns of exports, would make them of considerable value in verifying the crop estimates of individual provinces; but as matters now are, the export returns are too incomplete to be of much use as a guide to production; while the official trade returns, not only convey little information, but are distinctly misleading. Wheat grown in Manitoba and the North-West Territories, and shipped *via* Fort William or Duluth and Sarnia, is all credited to the Province of Ontario, while if it goes out *via* Montreal, it is put down to the Province of Quebec, for the province in which lies the port where the entry is made, gets the credit of the export, and practically of the production. How erroneous the impressions created by this plan are can be seen by the following illustration: According to the Trade and Navigation Returns, the shipment of wheat from Manitoba to foreign countries during the year 1893, amounted to 442,200 bushels, while the facts actually were that probably from 5 to 6 million bushels left the province for European ports. The injustice of this system, and the misconception of which it is

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the cause, have frequently been pointed out, but the officials in the Customs Department seem to lack either the ability or the energy to remedy the matter, or to improve upon the antiquated methods in use twenty-five years ago.

Whatever the opinions may be of the relative accuracy, year by year, of the figures given above, it will, no doubt, be generally admitted that they are trustworthy enough to show that the country's wheat export has, up to the present time, been comparatively insignificant, and, in the writer's opinion, it can also be shown that under ordinary circumstances there is not much prospect of the amount being materially increased for some years to come.

The increased exports of 1892 and 1893 were the result of the remarkable crop of 1891, and not of any increase in area and cultivation, and it may be many years before such figures are reached again. As a matter of fact, the area under wheat is, at the best, only stationary, for the decline in wheat cultivation in Ontario only about keeps pace with the progress of settlement in the North-West, the decrease in the former province in 1893, as compared with 1890, having been 159,844 acres, while the increase in Manitoba in the same period was only 107,030 acres, and if the territories, concerning which no details are obtainable, are credited with an increase of 25,000 acres (probably over the mark), the area under wheat in 1893 was 28,000 acres less than it was in 1890. It is true that between the years 1880 and 1890, the area under wheat in the North-West increased by 953,450 acres, while that in Ontario decreased by 499,604 acres, leaving a net increase of 450,000 acres, but this was further reduced by decreases in the other provinces, and after deducting the additional quantity required for seed and consumption, there was not much to swell the exports.

As a consequence, more or less directly, of the steady decline in the price of wheat, the farmers of Ontario have of late years turned their attention more and more to dairy and mixed farming, substituting hay and root crops for wheat and barley, until that province * "has at last turned the corner, and become in the main a dairying rather than a cereal-producing country," and the exports for the current season indicate a steady decrease in the wheat acreage, and the further development of the dairying industries. In the Province of Quebec, too, the farmers, profiting by the example of Ontario, have turned their attention to dairying. The demand for wheat created by this change has been supplied by the increased production of the North-West, and as, at the present rate of settlement, this increase in the West about corresponds with the decrease in the East, the exports year by year will probably amount to about the same quantity, and this quantity, allowing for *normal* harvests, cannot be put down, at a liberal estimate, as likely to exceed, under existing circumstances, an average of from six to eight million bushels, while two bad harvests in succession would reduce it to nil. It will be seen that distribution exceeded the crop of 1892, and as the crop of 1893 cannot have amounted to more than 41,000,000 bushels, nearly all of which will be required at home, it is more than a probability that the exports of the current year will be less than half those of the one just passed, while, unless the yield in 1894 is a more prolific one, there will be practically nothing to export in the succeeding year.

The reason, therefore, why, in spite of the progress of settlement, the quantity of wheat available for export does not materially increase, is that the increase in one part of the Dominion is counteracted by the decrease in another part, and the additional yield in the newer parts of the

*Toronto Globe, 28th July, 1894.

country is absorbed by the growing demand in the older provinces.

There is no doubt, however, that, if properly developed, the wheat fields of the North-West have enormous capabilities of production. The area of the Province of Manitoba, and of the provisional districts, Assiniboia, Alberta, and Saskatchewan, is about 360,000 square miles, containing, say 230,000,000 acres, of which, at least, one-half is admirable wheat land, much of it indeed being probably the finest in the world, though at the present time not more than about 1,300,000 acres have been brought under cultivation of that grain. The yield per acre varies with the seasons, which are uncertain. Particulars concerning the yield in the Territories are not available, but the figures for Manitoba will apply fairly well to a large section of the country. In that province, the yield has ranged from 32 bushels per acre in 1887 to 15; bushels in 1893; the average yield for the whole period, 1887 to 1893, inclusive, was about 21 bushels per acre. The small yield of 1893 was largely atoned for by the excellent quality of the grain, over 50 per cent. having been graded as No. 1 hard. While, therefore, in favorable seasons, the yield may be vastly increased, even at the lowest figure of 15 bushels per acre, some idea can be obtained of what this section of Canada is capable of producing. There is, however, one element necessary to develop this production, which is at present lacking, and that is population. The other materials, land, soil and climate, are all there; but the one thing necessary to utilize these advantages remains wanting; the machinery stands idle, for the motive power is absent.

At what rate of speed that power will be supplied, it is impossible to say, but there is no reason for supposing that, under the altered conditions now prevailing, any very rapid increase of settlement is likely to take place. Immigration returns from all

countries show during the last few years, a steady falling off which seems likely to continue. The severe depression in the agricultural industry, owing to the extremely low prices prevailing, which has existed all over the world, must have a tendency to increase that attraction of population to the larger centres, which is so universal a feature of the present day; and competition in the struggle for wealth is growing so much keener and more intense, the anxiety to become rich quickly is becoming so much stronger among all classes, that the comparatively slow method of making a living by tilling the land is getting more out of favor every day. Whether the depression is likely to pass away to any extent, we cannot say, but at any rate the outlook for the future of wheat is most unpromising, and the opinion of the writer, which has remained the same for some years, is that the low price of wheat has come to stay, and that nothing but war, or a *succession* of bad harvests, can do more than temporarily appreciate it. And such appreciation would probably only result in a still further lowering of prices, for the quantity of land immediately available for wheat is now so great, transportation facilities and rates are so constantly improving and cheapening, and the knowledge of the condition of the market is becoming so universal, that any appreciation in the price would almost invariably result in over-production.

Some attraction, other than the rather chimerical one of growing rich, under existing circumstances, by the cultivation of wheat, will be necessary to induce any special flow of immigration to the North-West, and as the only alternative at present appears to be that of general farming, which is also under a cloud, it follows that any rapid filling up of those fertile plains is not to be looked for just yet.

The variations in the price of wheat will undoubtedly have an important influence on immigration and settle-

ment; but beyond repeating the opinion that the day of permanent high prices has gone for ever, it seems idle to speculate upon those variations, for when one looks back and reads the different predictions that have been made during the last few years, and notices how they have been almost universally falsified by the actual course of events, one cannot but feel that speculations on the subject are more or less a waste of time.

When, therefore, the past production of the country, the fact that the decrease in cultivation about keeps pace with the increase (*i. e.*, that for every acre of new land that is broken up and sown with wheat, there is an acre of cultivated land diverted from

wheat growing to other agricultural purposes,) and the fact also that there is no reason to expect, at present, sufficient immigration to overtake to any extent the decreasing area, are all considered, the conclusion may fairly be come to, that in the absence of abnormal conditions, it will be some years before the wheat exports of the country exceed an annual average of from six to eight million bushels, if indeed they amount to as much. But at the same time it must be remembered that the land is there, circumstances favorable to production are there, and, given the population, the country can at any time respond to any increase in demand, or to any appreciation in price.



THE MORAL OF THE BRITISH COLUMBIA ELECTIONS.

BY R. E. GOSNELL.

To no inconsiderable degree, opinion in eastern Canada and in Great Britain, where British Columbian matters are discussed with growing interest, has been influenced by an agitation started last year in the Lower Mainland with the express purpose of creating sentiment on certain lines prejudicial to the provincial administration of the day.

The basis of that agitation, founded as it was on the erection of new parliament buildings in Victoria, and the question of a redistribution of seats as between the Mainland and Island, was sectional in its character, because such sectionalism afforded the readiest and most effective means of obtaining force. Having had an artificial stimulus, the promoters of this movement attracted some attention to it on the part of outsiders, owing to the extremes to which they went, much as Erastus Wiman and his little coterie of annexationists did in endeavoring to boom a sentiment which had no place in the hearts of Canadians.

From the efforts of politicians of this class, an impression has gone abroad that the main issue in the recent elections was that of Mainland *versus* Island. In other words, a stranger to the politics of British Columbia might conclude, from the fragmentary and somewhat distorted views which have had expression in the Eastern Canadian press and wherever else such views may have had publicity, that sectionalism was rampant, and that, as a consequence, there was a danger, at some time or other, of the Mainland of British Columbia and the Island of Vancouver becoming separate Provinces.

Nothing could be farther from the truth. An analysis of the re-

sults of the election fully disproves it.

In a House of 33 members, 14 of whom are returned from the Island and 19 from the Mainland, there will be 21 straight Government supporters, and one, if not two more, who were elected on local issues, upon whom the Opposition cannot count for support in any division on party lines. Roughly speaking, 28,000 of the white population belong to the Island and 38,000 to the Mainland. Of the actual votes cast on both Island and Mainland, 32,000 in all, the Government had a clear majority of over 6,000, a fact which in itself is sufficient evidence that it was not a question of Island against Mainland, because it must be manifest that, in such a case, the Mainland, with a preponderance of population of nearly 5 to 3, would inevitably have carried the day.

There were, as I shall proceed to show, vastly more important and far-reaching issues at stake.

In a vague way it would appear, judging from various outside comments on the state of political feeling in British Columbia, that the new Parliament buildings and redistribution, formed the gravamen of the issues to be fought out, and that these, necessarily involving sectional considerations, contained grievances seriously influencing the final result. The somewhat celebrated separation petition of last year, engineered by a small body of Oppositionists in the New Westminster District, which was sent to the Governor-General, praying for a veto of the Parliament Buildings' Bill, occasioned a good deal of newspaper talk, not only in Canada but in Great Britain and the United States. The petition in question was the outcome of an organization known as the Con-

stitutional League, which had a very short-lived existence and came to naught shortly after the petition was forwarded to Ottawa. Its propaganda had a fitting denouement in the Kamloops convention held last fall. The effort, which, as before stated, was artificially stimulated, failed to arouse any enthusiasm, and the sectional spirit it aimed to foster was not in the least contagious. The whole programme and its promoters were repudiated on the floor of the House by the very men who expected to benefit thereby, and who gave it their countenance and support. The only direction in which it had an appreciable effect was beyond the boundaries of the Province, and to that extent, it was mischievous in creating an erroneous impression as to the real state of feeling in British Columbia. Some of the promoters had influence enough to secure a favorable presentment of their views in quarters where the whole situation was imperfectly understood, and where they are still endeavoring to misrepresent the issues. It failed, however, in its main object of damaging the high credit of the Province in the money market, and therefore doing what might have brought the administration into discredit.

There were, however, issues in the recent British Columbia election—issues which are more and more becoming of importance everywhere,—and the moral of the Government's victory is one which the electors of the Dominion and elsewhere may well lay to heart. British Columbia, though a young province, is beginning to feel the influence of those minor political combinations for specific objects, somewhere defined by a political writer as "tyrannical minorities," which for selfish purposes array themselves against governments, good and bad alike.

The introduction of these forces in political warfare has for some time been viewed with alarm by the ablest authorities on political economy as

tending to unsettle and render impossible stable administration. The United States is probably the most conspicuous example among English-speaking nations of their operations logically and practically developed, and the tremendous task which to-day presents itself to President Cleveland is the danger signal to Canada and Great Britain of what political evolution has in store for their rulers and statesmen.

As I have intimated, British Columbia has, in their minor and incipient forms, some of these forces at work. I wish, however, to refer to the most prominent factor with which the Government had to deal, that of organized labor. In that province the labor element is a large one, and side by side with labor, necessary for the development of its extensive and rich resources, stands capital. Fortunately, in the past these two factors have worked very harmoniously together, and keeping in view the large interests involved on both sides, there has been comparatively very little friction between them. One reason for this lies in the fact that the various governments of British Columbia, as governments, have recognized the claims of labor in a variety of ways, and the legislation affecting its interests has been liberal and fair, and practical in its character. In the presence of a depression universal in its extent, however, there have been, as there are elsewhere, those who for their own ends and for political purposes, would set at war labor against capital and against good government, and produce a system of despotism, which, placed without restriction in the hands of such men as Debs, would wreck a nation in a day.

A desperate effort was made by some of the labor agitators and unscrupulous politicians to draw class distinctions and organize labor on distinctly anti-capitalistic lines. Most proposterous platforms were promulgated in the larger cities, each widely

differing from the other, and which were gulped down with astonishing ease by candidates as a bid for support. These platforms, with their extraordinary and impracticable planks, were foisted upon the workingmen as a class, and an endeavor was made to fasten them to a support of principles with which they had no real sympathy, and which were presented to them in terms expressly cut and dried by professional agitators and platform makers. It was the introduction of what all sober-minded well-wishers of the commonwealth must deplore, the recognition in practical politics of the dangerous principle of absolutism.

The Government foresaw the danger of blindly arraying the forces of society against each other, as had been accomplished elsewhere with disastrous results, and which, if allowed to take shape, might at any time impend in British Columbia.

The Premier and his colleagues, in a series of vigorous addresses throughout the country, appealed to the labor elements to consider well the relations which should exist between capital and labor, not only on account of their own interests, but of the prosperity of the Province. To antagonize the investing class, and to drive away capital, where so much depended upon its introduction and its successful operation, was unwise, unpatriotic and suicidal. They pointed to the lesson of events in Australia and the United States, and counselled their audiences, whatever criticism they might pass on the policy of the Government, as a policy, not to be led away by the specious appeals to class prejudices, and the theoretical dogmas of agitators inexperienced in governing, who appreciated neither the responsibility attaching to it nor the practical application of their own doctrines in connection therewith. The people, as a whole, were asked to rise superior to considerations placed before them by demagogues in pursuit of place and power, whose hope of success lay alone

in playing upon the prejudices and passions of the electors.

The appeal was entirely successful. The Government was returned strong numerically and strong in the confidence of the country, and backed up by the support of the labor element, where it was the most largely represented. The result of the campaign in this respect is all the more conspicuous from the fact already alluded to, that of unusual depression, which invariably militates against the government of the day, and especially among those whose daily bread and butter are directly and keenly affected thereby.

The result of the elections has been to restore the confidence of many who had looked with distrust and anxiety to the possible success of a combination of diverse forces which threatened to undo the work of years in amalgamating the various interests in a mutual effort of development, and which extended to every section of the Province, the most satisfactory feature of the whole campaign being the almost entire failure of the endeavor to arouse hostility among the working men against the employers of labor.

For several years an insidious policy of the latter character had been pursued, but the good sense of those whose interests were most involved prevailed, and a salutary lesson was conveyed to the politicians responsible for its introduction. As a striking illustration of the way the programme, which included the eight hour a day law, single tax, Chinese exclusion, government ownership of railways, etc., worked out, the fact may be alluded to that the leader of the Opposition, who for years coquetted with the labor agitators, and supported strongly many of their so-called reforms, was not only defeated, but lost his deposit in the city of Victoria, which he had represented continuously since 1871. Three of his colleagues, one of whom represented himself as a Single Tax

candidate, and another as a general labor agitator, lost their deposits as well, while in the mining districts of Vancouver Island, where the population is largely made up of miners, three out-and-out labor candidates were defeated, one losing his deposit.

Their propagandism utterly and miserably failed. British Columbia, as a consequence, stands to-day the solitary example on the Pacific Coast of a community in which appeals to class prejudices have been resisted, in which labor and capital remain joined hand in hand for a common object, and in which the former refuses, as expressed in its vote, to be dictated to by those whose political aspirations and personal advancement were founded on the vain project of establishing barriers of suspicion and hatred between the two great social factors. The renewed confidence inspired by their continued friendly alliance has been further strengthened by the promising indications of a speedy return to prosperity—through signs of revival in the lumber trade, success in the salmon and sealing industries, the inauguration of several new and important railway enterprises, the encouraging news from mining districts, and, not in the least, through the hopeful information of a change for the better in the outlook for Great Britain and the United States.

As to the many minor issues of the election, it would be a profitless task to undertake an enumeration or a detailed explanation. Elections in British Columbia are very much like elections everywhere. The "outs" were bound to win, and took advantage of everything local, political, personal, sectional and sectarian which could be used when and where it would do most good to their own cause and hurt to the Government! The Government, as every government is at such times, was charged with almost every species of wrong doing which the genius of their adversaries could

invent. This was to be expected and is what generally occurs.

As I have stated, however, and endeavored to show, although sectionalism was an incident of the campaign, it was not a distinctive issue, nor did it prevail to a large extent. Without burdening my readers with much detail about the new Parliament buildings, and the question of redistribution, it would be impossible to explain these matters so as to be intelligible to those who are unacquainted with politics here, and what, in any event, would prove uninteresting.

It was not on these issues that the battle was mainly fought although they entered into the discussion. The Parliament buildings were a necessity, and the question as to whether they should have cost \$100,000 more or less, was not one upon which the electors would decide the fate of a Government. It must be remembered that in British Columbia municipal institutions have not reached the stage of development possible in the older provinces, and therefore the work which in other provinces is carried on by municipalities, here largely devolves upon the Government; that the direct administrative work in every department of government, is many times greater in proportion in British Columbia than in Ontario, for instance; and that consequently, there can be no just comparison on the score of population as to the accommodation required. If we take the case of Ontario as an example, and arrive at an aggregate of expenditure necessary to govern the people of that province, we find that the cost per head is, all told, greater than in British Columbia; and by the way, here is an interesting calculation for those having a taste for comparisons of that sort.

As to redistribution, the measure introduced and made law by the Government, fully satisfied the conditions which gave rise to the demand for it and rendered it necessary, and therefore was not seriously condemned;

and in regard to the general policy of the Government, it has been a thoroughly progressive one, and in point of public improvements, educational and social advancement, political institutions and the administration of justice, the Province has been brought up to the level of, if in some respects it does not excel, any other province in the Dominion. It has made remarkable progress, and that, too, in face of physical obstacles greater than any other province has had to overcome.

On the whole, the moral of the British Columbia elections is one which will be of interest everywhere in the Dominion, and its influence should not stop even there. The time is approaching when broad issues of Government on well-understood lines of public policy, will be swept away and obliterated in the interests of "tyrannical minorities," each for its own purpose opposed to existing governments, no matter how good or capable, and the stability of which is

everywhere endangered; and the issue must perforce be between those who desire a truly representative and constitutional administration of affairs, and those who in political squads put the muzzle of their peculiar institutions, associations, clubs and organizations of whatever sort, to the heads of administrations, and demand satisfaction or threaten defeat—those who, if by combining, they achieved the latter, would succeed only to find a chaos of conflicting ideas out of which to evolve some uncertain and unsettled mode of government.

The example of the government of the day, in appealing to the strong common sense of the people, which is, after all, the predominant source of strength of our British institutions and British people, to maintain sound and well-defined methods of administration, might well be followed in every portion of Her Majesty's dominions.

Vancouver.



WHO WAS HE ?

BY MISS C. A. FRASER

THE following story, it may be, labors under a great disadvantage in being a narrative of fact, and also in being Canadian, Canada not being generally supposed to have acquired as yet the nameless mystery and sense of eld, likely to result in occurrences weird or strange. Nevertheless, it is an absolutely true tale which I am about to tell, and the events befell myself, a Canadian, a good many years ago, in one of the oldest and busiest parts of Ontario.

I was travelling, by rail, from Hamilton to visit friends in the country. I suppose that my journey was, in its commencement, quite uneventful, for I have no slightest recollection of it, until at a junction depôt, I suddenly loom up in my memory as an angry and slightly excited young person, vigorously upbraiding the railway officials, the government and the universe generally, regarding a matter of errant luggage. I do not in the least recall, at this date, what the difficulty really was, but I infer from my own demeanour that my conscience was entirely clear, and that the defection was owing to no heedlessness of mine. That the situation was beyond hope of immediate remedy I also infer from the same conditions. I would not have been so recklessly eloquent had there been a loophole of escape. Whether the officials were too guilty to defend themselves, or too indifferent, I cannot tell. On this point "the haunts of memory echo not," but I seem in the glimpse I get now, peering through the vista of years, to have the floor, and to be improving the occasion to the utmost of my ability, when suddenly comes an interruption.

A stranger had been carelessly regarding me. I had been aware of his

standing there, a little to my left, apart and alone ; but he was, at first glance, a very prosaic-looking individual, commonplace, I imagined, in fact, and he not being invested with badge or other token of office, I had not intentionally included him in my audience, and was only vaguely conscious of his presence, until now, when stepping forward and removing his cigar, he quietly offered a suggestion. I do not now know what it was, and it does not especially matter. I remember only the shock with which I awakened to a sense of my own volubility, and to my instant collapse.

He was of middle height, narrow-chested, and afflicted with a cough. He had a light-brown beard, not long, nor carefully trimmed. He looked tolerably well-to-do, but was not, in appearance at least, a city man. I have seen many merchants in small towns of just the same style and manner. His only pronounced characteristic was his expression, which was not the expression of such a merchant, especially while on a trip either of business or pleasure. He looked unhappy ; in fact he looked bored, and at the moment of proffering me advice, he had the air of being constrained to do what cost an unwelcome effort. Apart from the look of *ennui* which he wore, and which might be readily attributed to physical weakness overcome by the discomfort of even a short journey, he had an intensely pre-occupied air. Even when a few hours later he conversed with me pleasantly enough, I remember, little interested in him as I was, being struck with this. I can see his face now distinctly with that strange absence of mind written upon it. It approached the expression of a clair-

voyant entering a trance. And the nonchalant, matter-of-fact manner of the man was oddly at variance with it. It is difficult to describe him. When I attempt to do so, I find myself using contradictory terms which seem to be necessitated by the exigencies of the task of picturing to the imagination of others a face in which an intensity of thought, resulting almost in trance, was no more strikingly portrayed than an expression of fretful *ennui*. He was distinguished from the little crowd around him in no other way, and attracted, seemingly, no observation. I would hardly have seen him, would certainly not have looked twice to catch the second time a slight sense of the oddness of his look, had he not spoken to me.

The conclusion of his counsel was to the effect that, as I must wait for a later train than that by which I had intended going, I had better betake myself to one of two small hotels which stood side by side at a few yards' distance. I remember thanking him hastily, putting some inquiry as to train time, and rapidly "making tracks" for the nearer of the two quiet-looking country inns which he had indicated. I had a novel and newspapers. It was a warm day in May, and I found a pleasant little sitting-room, into which none but myself intruded during the time spent in waiting. So that by reading, resting, and a short walk abroad, the time slipped by easily enough, and when towards six o'clock, I again found myself on the platform waiting the arrival of the evening train, I had entirely recovered my equanimity, and having somewhat altered my plans in a manner to meet the difficulties engendered by a failure to arrive at a previously appointed hour, I hastened to claim my luggage and have it checked for a station seven miles further on than the one that had been intended for my destination.

In the light of later events I wish that I had been less devoted to the

interests of myself and my luggage, and had sooner spared even a faint and passing regard for my nonchalant fellow traveller, for such it turned out he was to be. As I was eagerly scanning a pile of trunks and boxes, I turned my head to find him at my side. Except that the cigar had disappeared, he was the same wearied, bored individual; and in the same tone of resignation to duty, he said: "You had better hand over your checks to the baggageman, and let him find your things."

"But there is no one in the baggage room," I replied, "and it is close on train time. I am afraid of being late."

He looked up and down the platform. "There he is," he said; "I will send him to you."

He walked away, and a few moments later a baggage man, or some equivalent, made the necessary alterations in the checking of my trunks, and I resumed my occupation of gazing up the track. I saw my helpful friend engaged in the same way, but when, a few minutes later, I seated myself in the car, carefully selecting a window which would give a view of familiar landscapes, I had forgotten all about him.

Just as the shadows were lengthening into evening dusk, a number of people walked into the car. A car further back had been detached from the train at some little wayside station just reached, and its occupants filed in, finding seats here and there. Amongst them was the stranger. He was coughing violently when he entered, and looked more than ever tired and worn. He hesitated on reaching my seat. The car was pretty well filled, and I immediately made a move, which invited him to sit down. Out of regard for his cough, I asked if he would prefer the window shut, the air being now agreeably cool, but he said he would not and sat still, gazing past me at the pleasant fields and dainty foliage of early summer time. I

looked at him more attentively then, than I had hitherto done, and his face imprinted itself on my memory. If I were skilled with the pencil I could draw it now; the features were such that a moderately exact description would enable any artist to depict them—an ordinary face, but for its expression.

As I watched him the fancy seized me that he was blind, an utterly untenable idea, considering that he was seated, slightly stooped forward, the better to see the country through which we were flying. This look of not seeing did not prevent the impression which I got of very keen and earnest thought, which, however, did not find its subject matter in his present environment. I have seen this curious conjunction of expressions in another face quite recently, but both were portrayed with much less intensity. And in the lives of the two persons who wore that look, there lurked, I must believe, a mysterious tragedy.

Have some of my readers ever mistaken a wax figure for nature, and gazed upon it as upon a fellow-being, to awaken with an unpleasant sense of repulsion to its lack of life? Some thing of that I experienced as I looked upon my companion's impassive countenance, which yet, like the cold wax, was shaped to express thought and emotion. I felt uncomfortable, and I think that I wished that he would go away, notwithstanding that I had myself invited him to sit down.

The conductor called the name of a station, Newton, and the stranger, turning to me, said, in that quietly sympathetic manner in which he always spoke: "The next station is yours?"

"No," I replied, "I shall only get off for a minute to get another ticket. My friends will not expect me by this train, and it is much too far for me to go alone to their house. I shall go on to Fairbank, and if I wish, someone will drive me out here to-morrow."

"You had better speak to the con-

ductor about it," he said, "I am afraid that the train will not stop long enough to admit of your procuring a ticket."

The conductor was near, and he beckoned him, and finding the conjecture correct, I was enabled to make some arrangement which dispensed with the necessity for a ticket.

My new acquaintance resumed his former attitude, looking steadily past me out of the window, but he had grown conversational. My mention of Fairbank had unlocked his speech.

"I used to know Fairbank very well," he said musingly, "but it is long since I have been there."

I at once became conversational also, for I did not know Fairbank well, having been there only once before, and I felt some interest in the place, having promised to visit friends there before my return home. I said as much, and he responded in the same way, as if talking to himself.

"I have not been there for six years. I left it on May 24th, 18—. I was born and brought up and married there."

He did not speak for a few minutes, and then, as if recounting something only half remembered, and not too keenly interesting, he went on:—

"I have a little daughter there. My wife died of consumption six months before I left, and my little girl is with her mother's friends."

The thought occurred to me at once of course, that he was then on unfriendly terms with his wife's relatives, else why refrain so long from seeing his child. We were nearing Fairbank, and wishing to continue the conversation I made some remark about the interest, verging on historic, which clung about the little town. He did not reply in a similar strain, however, but still harping on his family ties, went on softly:—

"I have not seen her since. We called her Cora. She was only four when I left, but she is in good hands. They are good people."

He spoke the last sentence almost

with emphasis, so that I re-considered my former assumption as to his straightened relations with these connections of his. But then why allow so long a time elapse without seeing this little Cora? Why pass the place by this evening and make no sign of even a wish to alight at the depot for which we were now slowing perceptibly? One's mind is apt to get bright and inquisitive towards the end of a journey, the result, I fancy, of enforced silence for successive hours, and my thoughts busied themselves now with conjecture. Had this man who evidently cherished no ill-will to his friends, yet so grievously sinned against them that they would have none of him? That could hardly be, for the infliction of such a punishment as complete estrangement from his only child would certainly awake in him at the very least, a sense of injury, no trace of which was apparent as, with a very faint smile visible on his face, he recalled old days.

"I knew every foot of ground about here, and every man, woman and child in the place. You will hear my name often, for I have a good many cousins about, who bear it. My name is Cheyne, Henry Russel Cheyne."

I was collecting my belongings, some of which I had to detach from the rack overhead. My friend did not offer any assistance—he was too much engrossed in his reminiscences—but when he arose to let me pass out, he walked after me to the car door, and, finding that a light shower was falling, he volunteered to raise my umbrella, my own hands being fully occupied with the small paraphernalia with which womankind makes life a burden while *en route*.

In handing it to me, he roused for a moment to a more active interest than he had yet displayed.

"You will not find any cabs here at this hour," he said, "but speak to the station master. He will send you over to —'s hotel."

I interrupted him laughingly: "Oh,

I am not going to a hotel; I have friends here. Thanks, and good-bye."

That was all, and I never saw my travelling acquaintance of the clairvoyant mien again. Not a very thrilling episode, was it? But all the strangeness is yet to come.

In the excitement of an unexpected arrival at the pleasant house where my friends, Mr. and Mrs. Gabriel, an elderly couple without children, lived, I forgot him, until the following afternoon, when a slight circumstance revived my interest in the unsatisfactory condition of his domestic ties.

Mrs. Gabriel had a very delightful house. It was a red brick cottage with verandah all around it. It was very large in area, square, and having on each of three sides a door opening upon the verandah. One of these doors led into the drawing-room, a large room with low ceiling, and always dimly lighted by reason of the verandah and its flowering vines and creepers. Mrs. Gabriel's work table stood nearly all the time upon the verandah, where the light was better, and I used to sit upon the steps there with work or book. She persuaded me to remain a week with her before returning to Newton to carry out my first intention.

It was very pleasant. The lilacs about the house were in bloom; the weather was charming; all the girls came to call on me, and we drove to return their calls, as Mrs. Gabriel believed herself unable to walk, and had, moreover, a delightful little carriage and very safe horse.

On the first afternoon of my stay with her, however, she could not come out. The roomy, shady drawing-room was filled with ladies, mostly elderly, who, with a very business-like air, discussed means and methods of aiding in the payment of a large church debt. Mrs. Gabriel nearly bustled with the importance of presiding over the proceedings.

As a stranger, I was not interested, but remained, feeling that it was ex-

pected of me, and I would, no doubt, have been sufficiently wearied, had not relief come in the form of an exceedingly pretty little girl, very prettily dressed, too, who, perceiving my admiration, and sympathizing, probably, in my boredom, presently sidled up to me. I was and am exceedingly fond of children, and this little damsel was really extraordinarily pretty, and, as I discovered, to my amusement, funnily vain, and adorned with little coquettish mannerisms, which somehow did not repel, because, notwithstanding her assumption of being very grown-up, she was yet exceedingly childish. And then, she was so very pretty. Not the baby prettiness of flaxen curls, dimples, and unformed features: my little co-sufferer, was, I fear, not of the kind of which poets tell. She was really very like a fashion-plate. Faces in fashion-plates are all on the same model, only that some have fair hair, and others dark. They all have the same classic little heads, and small, correct profiles, and the head and face are the same, whether it be of child or matron. It is a style not often seen, which makes its adoption for fashion-plate use objectionable. But, rare as it is, this little girl had it. She was both delightful to view, and amusing by reason of the fashion plate association of ideas. She was very lively, and chatted away easily.

"My name is Cora Cheyne," I presently heard, and instantly replied in some surprise: "I thought that Mrs. King was your mother."

"Oh, no; I call her mamma, because I have always lived with her. But she is my grandmam ma. My papa and mamma are both dead."

I heard this last speech with a little shock of indignation. I felt my sense of justice awakened in defence of my whilom railway acquaintance. Whatever his offence, he surely could not deserve that his only child be taught to believe him dead.

Cora went on: "I hope that you are

coming to our house. Mamma means to ask you to come on Wednesday afternoon. I have a great many things to show you."

And when her mamma, or her grandmother, for that was really the relationship, invited me to spend the following afternoon with her, I gladly consented. Curiosity was thoroughly aroused, although I was ashamed to recognize that such was the case. I spoke to Mrs. Gabriel of the pleasure with which I looked forward to spending several hours in the beautiful garden and extensive lawn to which she had drawn my attention during a former visit to her.

"I was glad," she cried, 'to see you amused with little Cora, for our proceedings could not have been interesting to you.'

"Yes," I replied, "she is a dear, funny little girl," and then, because my mind was full of the small mystery which I had unearthed, I added at a venture:—

"I know her father."

Mrs. Gabriel looked at me in slight surprise, caused, probably, by my positive tone,

"Her father is dead, my dear," she said gently. "He has been dead for some years now. It was very sad; he died soon after his wife, leaving just this little girl; but," she added, after a pause, 'she is in good hands.'

The similarity of her concluding remark to one dropped by the stranger on the train, did not escape my attention, but I merely responded by asking a question:—

"What makes you sure that Mr. Cheyne is dead, Mrs. Gabriel?"

"Oh, my dear," she replied, "it does not admit of question. I saw him in the coffin, and, indeed, I almost saw him die. He had a lingering illness, unlike his wife. It was lung disease in both cases, but she was only a few weeks unable to go about, while he had been coughing for quite two years before she fell ill. We all knew them well; they belong to people so well

known about here, you know. But when did you think that you met some one like him?"

"On the railway train when coming here," I replied, and proceeded to give her a detailed account of my journey, and the slight assistance given by a stranger. As I was talking, her husband entered, and she turned to him.

"—— thinks that she met Cora Cheyne's father while on her way here," she said, smiling a little sadly, "and I have just been telling her of his death."

"Strange," he responded, "I was thinking of him as I came along the street just now. He died just six years ago this month, and I was one of the pall-bearers at his funeral. It was a very different May from this, very cold, a flurry of snow had fallen the day before. Yes, Henry Russel Cheyne died six years ago."

I think my jaw dropped with horror. Until now no one had spoken the full name. "It had been 'Cora's father' with both Mrs. Gabriel and myself, and the mystery in my mind had been a commonplace one of family estrangement. A horror which I did not care to investigate seized my mind. With whom had I been talking on that pleasant May evening?

"What is the matter, my dear?" asked my kind hostess.

"Oh, nothing," I replied. "May I have a light all night in my room, Mrs. Gabriel? I think I am nervous, and I will make sure of its safety before I fall asleep."

Fear of fire was one of Mrs. Gabriel's idiosyncrasies, and she entered a vigorous protest against my proposal, assuring me that by keeping me awake, an unwonted light would only increase nervous agitation. It was quite her favorite theme, peril by fire, and the digression lasted until we parted for the night.

When alone I reasoned with myself and partly got rid of the uneasy, startled sensation which had seemed

to make sleep impossible. I told myself that most positively the man with whom I had talked, who had made in my little difficulties such practical suggestions, was certainly a living, breathing person. Either by some extraordinary coincidence, there had lived in this small town, two men of precisely the same name, one leaving the place on the very same day of the other's death, or, much more probably, Henry Russel Cheyne had not died at all. There had been some motive for pretending a death when actually none had taken place, and I determined that, all things considered, any investigation that I could personally conduct through Mrs. Gabriel or little Cora, would be perfectly justifiable in the present light of events. And in the character of a private and self-appointed detective, I betook myself on the appointed afternoon to Mrs. King's house. I went alone, Mrs. Gabriel being engaged, taking work with me, as I had been invited for a very informal visit, after a manner much in vogue in Fairbank. Little Cora was at school when I arrived, and Mrs. King and I made a pleasant tour of the garden, lawn and poultry yard together. She was, I should think, about sixty years of age, very tall and upright in bearing, with keen, dark eyes, and a bright complexion. She was a very religious woman and much respected in the neighborhood, where she had spent her whole life, and where she had been twice married, the first time to a brother of my friend, Mr. Gabriel.

When we re-entered the house, I found that she had two large drawing-rooms, one of which she called the sitting-room. It seemed to be her favorite apartment, and in it were hung a number of water-color sketches by a young relative in New York, in whom she was much interested, and she pointed them out with evident pride. Among them on the wall were portraits and photographs.

The mystery of Cora's father had

taken the background in my thoughts during our stroll, but it suddenly assumed lively proportions, when I heard Mrs. King say :—

"This is Cora's mother."

I turned hastily from the picture at which I was looking closely, to see that she held in her hand a circular frame which she had taken from its place.

I went to her side. It had been enlarged from a smaller picture at a time when the photographer's grasp of his art left much to be desired, and the portrait was not pleasing. It was distinct enough, however, and my mental comment was that Cora certainly did not take her looks from her mother. But what I said, was: "Have you a portrait of her father, Mrs. King?"

"Yes," she answered, "and a very good one. It is a photograph also, but taken in Buffalo less than a year before his death."

And restoring to its peg the one she held, she took down its companion picture, and carrying it to a better light, held it up to view.

I looked in silence for a minute, with a tide of thoughts rushing through my mind, and then, extending my hands, I received it from her, and turned away, in an involuntary fear lest she should read my mind. I dare say that it was well that I did so, as some of the horror I felt must have been reflected in my face. For the man whose well-executed portrait looked at me from the circular gilt frame in my hand, was my fellow-traveller, who had called himself Henry Russel Cheyne!

I feared that my voice must betray my excitement when I at length ventured to speak :—

"Mrs. King," I asked, "Where was Mr. Cheyne's home at the time of his death?"

"Here," she replied, quietly and laconically. "He died almost where you are standing. There was a partition at that time dividing this room, and I

had a bed carried there, because it was more cheerful for him. He had been ailing long, but after his wife's death, he became rapidly worse.

For want of anything better to say, and because I wished her to continue talking, I asked :—

"Did he know that he was dying?"

"Oh, yes," she answered, and added softly, "but he had been long ready. His death-bed was, like that of his wife, very beautiful. Only three days before the end, he tried to make Cora understand: but she was then only four years of age, and would not listen. She pounded his pillows, thinking that she made him more comfortable, and slipped off the bed as he talked, to arrange the phials and flowers that stood on a table beside him. He only smiled to me, and said that perhaps it was better so. But he loved little Cora very much."

I thought drearily of the vague indifference with which Henry Russel Cheyne, on that evening train, had spoken of this little daughter, and I tried to imagine the scene in which he had, with pathetic yearning, striven to take of her an eternal farewell.

I do not know how far I might have pursued my inquiries had not an interruption come, in the form of Cora herself, pretty, presumptuous, and self-assured as ever. She assumed little airs of authority, and proceeded to play the part of hostess at once, her grandmother becoming absorbed in silent admiration, in which, notwithstanding my amusement and disapproval, I could not help participating.

I returned to Mrs. Gabriel's early, in a very thoughtful mood. I found her knitting by lamplight, her husband seated at the other side of her work-table, reading.

I sat down and waited for him to lay aside his paper. As soon as he did so, I began: "Mr. Gabriel, was Cora Cheyne's father a poor man?"

"By no means. He was in very comfortable circumstances. All that he had will be Cora's. Mr. King, her

step-grandfather, and myself are executors. She will be a small heiress I fancy, for Mrs. King is a wealthy woman through her first marriage, to my brother, and is tolerably certain to leave nearly everything to Cora."

I tried to form some theory of motive and conduct which would explain the extraordinary circumstance of a feigned death, which implied a lifetime's entire and complete separation from home, kindred, and fortune. If all that he had was in executors' hands, and he still living, he was penniless and friendless. My thoughts shaped into another question:—

"What advantage would accrue to Cora, Mr. Gabriel, by her father's premature death?"

"She could gain nothing by it," he replied, and I fancied that he spoke more stiffly, as if wearied of my obstinate persistence in what appeared to him a silly delusion. "She cannot, of course, have anything until she is of age. She has a very happy home, in which she is an only and idolized child, but her position there would have been the same had he lived. He was greatly esteemed by Mr. and Mrs. King."

"His death left her an orphan, then, did it not," I asked, "without altering her outward circumstances, which were fortunate and secure in any case?"

"That is the state of the case," said Mr. Gabriel, "and I think that tomorrow you must come with me for a walk. I will take you to the burying-ground, and you shall read the inscription on the tombstone of this man who interests you so much."

"That will be the best way," exclaimed Mrs. Gabriel, "and then I think, dear, that you must try to get rid of this fancy of yours. I really believe that you must have fallen asleep on the train and dreamed it."

That this solution would involve a belief in my being endowed with second sight did not seem to occur to my good friend, but I gathered from her words,

as well as from her husband's tone, that they were unwilling to have more of my mystery.

Unforeseen circumstances prevented the walk to the little cemetery next day, but a year or so later, being in Fairbank again, I went there by myself and read the record of the death of Henry Russel Cheyne on the day which my railway acquaintance of the same name had given as the date of his leaving the little town never to return.

And now I have related the strange circumstances which disturbed me so much at the time, and which, after discussing with a few friends, I allowed to sink into forgetfulness, until a short time ago, when they were suddenly and most oddly recalled to vivid recollection. I was in conversation with a young cousin of my own, whose age would nearly correspond with Cora's, if Cora be still living. Amy chatted away about her school days, she having just graduated from an Ontario college. I was only half listening, until suddenly, in some recital of school-girl escapade, the name of Cora Cheyne cropped up.

"Cora Cheyne!" I exclaimed, "where was she from, Amy? I once knew a little girl of that name in Fairbank."

"Yes, she was from Fairbank," my cousin answered. "But she was only a short time at our college, and I did not know her very well."

"Was she very pretty, Amy?" I asked. "She was a remarkably beautiful little girl when I saw her."

"Was she?" in a tone of slight surprise. "I don't know. I never thought of it. She was so very delicate, and looked so sickly. And," she added, after a pause, "she was such a queer girl, we did not take to her at all. *She was always seeing ghosts.*"

I did not say anything, but I thought the more, and it seemed to me that in these days of psychical research, it were well to make known this curious episode of my own experience.

It may serve no purpose save to amuse an idle half-hour, for I know that my repeated asseverations will fail to win most people to a belief in the truth of so strange a tale, but I would like to think that some one among my readers will take it seriously enough to ponder the enigma,

and perchance solve it. It may not convince any one of the existence of apparitions. It has never convinced me. I am a staunch unbeliever in spiritualistic phenomena, and even this experience, which I consider extraordinary, has never affected my incredulity.

GABLE ENDS.

A CHOICE.

I'd rather live but one short day,
And die in love's dear name,
Than pass ten thousand lives away,
Without love's kindling flame.

I'd rather feel th' inspiring glow
That love itself can bring,
Than hear the praises that I know
A multitude might sing.

I'd rather speak what love inspires,
Than in ten tongues be heard.
I'd rather sing in love's sweet choirs,
Whose music needs no word.

All gain that wealth might bring to me,
I'd willingly forego,
If I from love should parted be,
Its pleasures ne'er to know.

For all that fame and wealth can give
Will vanish like a cloud.
One day I in their pleasures live,
The next I see their shroud.

So love is what I'd have alway,
So rich and full and free,
That if I only lived a day,
A lifetime it would be.

—E. BLANCHE BURNS.

ON A LONELY GRAVE ON KUSHAY-SIDE, ONTARIO.

I.

What chance, or mischance, left thee lying here,
Far from God's acre, far from that sweet sound,

The sabbath-going bell? The stately deer
Glance nervously, as though thy upheaved mound
Told of some mystery or dismal fate.
With fearful step, the ploughboy shuns the place,
When filled with awe, alone he passes late;
With eyes half closed, he runs with fear a race,
As, all forsaken to the woods and sky,
Thou in neighbored forgetfulness doth lie.

II.

Did some wild savage, in this distant land
Deal out to thee a sad, untimely doom?
Perchance a weapon in a loved one's hand
Sent thee, with but brief warning to the tomb.
Did strong hands tend thy cold, unconfined form,
And, all in haste commit thee to the sod,
And through the summer's heat and winter's storm
Did leave thee here to solitude and God?
And wilt thou, then, still unremembered, lie
When the archangel echoes through the sky?

III.

Have all forgot? What, tho' the busy share
Doth, with rude ridge, a careless furrow trace,
And rough hands, with no thoughtful, loving care,
Swing the bright scythe o'er thy last resting-place?
The absent one, in distant Kotah's field,
Sighs o'er thy memory and thy lonely tomb,

And by dear Kushay's tide are friends who
 yield
 Tears, sad and silent for thine early doom.
 And the archangel, in the latter days,
 Will not o'erlook thy wave-lapped resting-
 place.
 Strangers and friends! this simple grass-
 grown spot,
 With broken rail, and headstone sunk
 away,
 Marks not the victim of some savage plot,
 Or hunter done to death in rude affray;
 A simple maiden, so the story saith,
 Sought here her love, but, jealous of her
 charms,
 The water maidens joined themselves with
 death,
 And snatch'd her from her loving lover's
 arms
 So sleeps she here, till, on that morning
 bright,
 She shall awake to truest love's delight.

—THOMAS C. ROBSON.

MINDEN, ONT.

THE DECLINE OF DIALECT.

(NOT BY J. WHITCOMB RILEY.)

Pretty soon I ruther 'spect
 They won't be no dialect,
 Wut with these here modern schools
 An' thar doggoned grammar rules
 Teachin' childern how ter talk
 'Bout ez quick ez they kin walk,
 Weedin' out each nateral phrase
 In our happy boyhood days.
 Risin' generation larn
 Not ter say "Begosh" an' "darn"
 An' sech good old standby's, wich
 Made our mother-tongue so rich,
 An' wich also helps us well
 So called "poetry" to sell.
 Many wich has no purtence
 Uv conveyin' wit or sense
 Kin on dialect pull through,
 Better'n if they grammar knew.
 (Seuse necessities of rhyme
 Ef I don't say "knowed" this time.)
 Wen folks larn to speak correct
 Whar'll we git our dialect?
 In the country, sloshin' round,
 Heaps uv farmers I have found
 Wich could chin in city style,
 No-ways "racy uv the sile."

Never frum thar lips would fall
 No sech phrase ez 'Darn it all."
 Cuss-words in a milder tone
 Seemin' ter be all unknown.
 Oh! 'Tis saddenin' ter see
 How thar nouns an' verbs agree,
 An' how seldom they will give
 A superfluous negative.
 Each quaint rustic simile
 Soon will all forgotten be,
 An' the speech in wich I've sung
 Be a dead unspoken tongue,
 Pretty soon I ruther 'spect
 They won't be no dialect.

—PHILLIPS THOMPSON.

HER POSITION WAS ASSURED.

The fact that some people can say and do things with impunity for which others of lower social station would be held to a strict account, has given use to many popular proverbs and furnishes a frequent text for the moralist or the satirist.

"My dear," said Mrs. Dusenbury to her husband, "I can hardly believe that that vulgar Mrs. Fastleigh we met the other day has any social position."

"But she has though."

"Her manners are atrocious."

"That may be."

"And she swears sometimes."

"I believe she does."

"And there are all sorts of stories about her."

"Very likely"

"Then what gives you the impression that she movés in good society?"

"I am sure of it, Rebecca. Why, when she was caught stealing goods at Eaton's last week they called it a case of kleptomania."—P. T.

FILIAL PIETY REWARDED.

"Morning, Brother John. Hard at work as usual."

"Yes, Dick. Clearing out this old desk of father's, and burning a lot of old papers and worthless truck that has accumulated."

"But John—I wouldn't do that if I were you. It don't seem right. Some of them may be mementos linking us to the cherished associations of the past."

"Oh! come off with your sentimental nonsense. I want this desk for use, and can't have it littered up with trash. I'll keep all the receipts though, and anything that's any good. What's this? A pile of old letters! They are no use."

"But you surely won't burn those. Why John, they are the love letters written by our dear parents to each other before their marriage."

"What do I care for that?"

"Don't destroy 'em, I beg. How dearly I should prize these hallowed relics, recalling the fond and tender memories of the long ago."

"You always were a sentimental idiot, Dick. Take 'em along if you want to save 'em. I've no use for them myself."

"Thanks brother, ever so much! I

have. Why, the old stamps on them are worth a hundred dollars."—P.T.

A TRAITOR IN THE CAMP.

FRENCH ANARCHIST—Ah Tr-aitor! Scelerat! you have betrayed the cause of the people! Send me no more your execrable sheet.

EDITOR OF "LE BOMB ANARCHISTE"—With pleasure, since you never pay for it. But mon ami, there is some mistake. Have I not been true? Have I not suffered?

FRENCH ANARCHIST—Wretch! You have been deceiving us. I have just learned that your paper is printed with bourgeois type! A bas la bourgeoisie!

—P. T.

BOOK NOTICES.

The Dominion of Canada, with Newfoundland and an Excursion to Alaska.—*A Hand Book for Travellers.* By Karl Boedeker. Leipzig, Karl Boedeker, 254 pp.

Boedeker's hand books everyone knows are famous, and the new one just issued, and dealing with Canada, is quite equal in every respect to any of its companions. The work, which is small type, contains in condensed form a vast amount of information. It includes essays on various important features of Canadian affairs by well-known Canadian authorities, while the routes outlined are admirably arranged. A full index of places adds much to the value of the

work. The ten maps and seven plans of Canadian cities are models in clearness and beauty.

The Ghost of Gairn. By M. M. Black, author of "Tempted," "Disinherited," etc. Edinburgh and London, Oliphant, Anderson & Ferrier; Toronto, Wm. Briggs.

"The Ghost of Gairn" is a story of the Jacobite troubles of 1745. The plot is not intricate, but the interest of the reader never flags, so well told is the story, and so well drawn and pleasing are several of the characters. In general literary merit, "The Ghost of Gairn" ranks far above the average novel.



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A CANADIAN INFANTRY ADJUTANT.

(Drawn from Life, by A. H. H. Heming.)